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HAPPY GIRLS.

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THE NEVER-FAILING FRIEND

IN many a place I sought release,
Deceiving self that here was peace;
In many a task I sought for rest,
And deemed the prize of my strange quest,
Within my reach, if not to-day,
Then on life's journey's future way.

I knew, no roses paved the road,
In climes wherever my foot-steps trod;
Nor that my skies would always glow
Bright tints upon my world below;
But looked for what delight imparts,
In life's pursuits and loving hearts.

And yet, my soul found no repose,
Though with fresh hope, each morn arose;
And all was darkness, all was pain,
Ere evening shadows fell again;
Nor love availed of human kind,
For my disease was in the mind.

Then cried I, " God, be Thou my Friend,
Henceforth and to my journey's end,
Thy presence with me every hour,
Thy love my inmost spirit's power,
I live the life Thou gavest me,
With courage well sustained by Thee."

The silent anguish upward went,
And God His wondrous answer sent:
" Fear not my child, I am with thee,
Most nigh when most thou seekest me,
Through life and death, thy star and sun,
Thy constant Friend and guide in one."

Whene'er a blight o'erwhelms my soul,
Puts out of reach the chosen goal,
When self-extinction seems to be
The only solace left to me,
There o'er the tumult in the mind,
God's message comes down sweet and kind.

H. KAVERI BAI.

WILLIAM COWPER'S "THE SOFA AND THE TIME-PIECE"

BETWEEN the two great ages, which pass under the names of two queens of England, the age of Anne and the age of Victoria, we meet with a pathetic figure in the history of English Literature. William Cowper belonged to a great family. But his patrimony consisted of nothing better than bad health, bad nerves and bad eyesight, which poisoned and enfeebled his whole life. He was cheerless as a child and cheerless as a man. The one bright spot in his childhood was his mother's tender love, and that was taken away when he was hardly seven years of age. He was sent to the roughest school in England at the roughest time, where he "did not dare to raise his eyes above the shoe-buckles of the elder boys". A grave-digger throwing a skull at him as he was crossing a Churchyard after dark, frightened him nearly out of his susceptible wits. When he was thirty-one years of age, after he had been a Solicitor's Clerk and a student of the Inner Temple, he was given the office of a Reading Clerk in the House of Lords, a well-paid office, which, if not actually a sinecure, was certainly not laborious. But he could not hold it long, for the wretched nerves, that he had, threw his mind into paroxysms at the mere prospect of hearing his own voice in a public assembly. He himself wrote, "They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors of my situation. Others can have none." Realising his utter unfitness for the pursuit of ordinary citizenship, he severed himself completely and finally from London, and plunged into a profound seclusion for the remainder of his days.

At the time that Cowper rose on the poetic horizon, English Poetry had become very feeble and mechanical. The monotonous versification, which Alexander Pope had introduced, palled on the ear of the public. It was reserved for the shy, gentle and melancholy Calvinist, whose spirit had been broken by fagging at school and who had not the courage to earn a livelihood by reading the titles of bills in the House of Lords, to

begin a revolution, which ended in the restoration of English poetry to the greatness it had enjoyed when Shakespeare wrote his plays and Milton framed his Paradise Lost.

Cowper was fifty years of age, when the most delightful of his poems, 'THE TASK', was published. For twenty years after the publication of this poem, which was written after he had had violent attacks of suicidal mania and attempted his life more than once, his general popularity never flagged. Even when the poem was eclipsed by others in the eyes of the world and Cowper was condemned as a namby-pamby weaver of ten-syllabled platitudes about tea-cups and sofas, piping bull-finches, tame hares and sagacious spaniels, the middle class took him to their warm fire-sides for two generations more.

'The Task' is a long poem of six books, of which 'The Sofa' and 'The Time-Piece' are the first two. A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from Cowper and gave him the *Sofa* for a subject. He had lately sung with awe and trembling on serious subjects like Truth, Hope and Charity, and was seeking for repose on a humbler theme. The *Sofa* was a humble theme; and Cowper was proud to set himself to write on it, as the command came from a woman—

> The Theme though humble, yet august and proud
> The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Having a good deal of leisure, Cowper connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he had at first intended, a serious affair, a volume.

Time was when our sires reposed their weary strength comfortably on rugged rocks and gravelly banks. But when men ceased to be barbarous, they found it necessary to invent something on which to rest. Stools came first and then a chair. In course of time, the chair was felt to be inconvenient. The ladies first began to murmur, as became the softer sex. The ingenious fancy of men was never better pleased than when employed to accommodate the fair, when, hearing the sweet moans with pity, it devised the soft settee, which afterwards led to the invention of the sofa, whereon the languid frame could obtain relaxation by soft recumbence of outstretched limbs.

> Thus first necessity invented stools;
> Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs
> And luxury the accomplished sofa last.

No repose was sweeter than that, which the sofa could yield, for it suited also the gouty limb. The fear of gout led Cowper on to

a discourse on life in the country and the sights and sounds of Nature. Life in the country contributed to health and cheerfulness.

The spleen is seldom felt, where Flora reigns ;
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears.
These Flora banishes and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.

The cities are denounced as proud, gay and gain-devoted, where true worth and virtue hardly thrive.

Thither flow
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most mind
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.

The conclusion arrived at by the poet is :

God made the country and man made the town :
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and graves.

The book on 'The Sofa' led to a book on 'The Time-Piece', wherein there is not a word about the time-piece ! Cowper herein recommends peace among the nations on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow. The proper engine for the reformation of mankind is argued to be the pulpit, and not satire. This is the picture drawn of a good preacher.

I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

I have confined myself to the first two books of 'The Task' for fear of lengthening my article *ad nauseam* with quotations. But there are many interesting passages deserving of quotation in the other four

books also. It would be time well-enjoyed, if leisure is spent in reading all the six books. When Cowper wrote, the domination of 'The Town' in English Literature was passing away. Poetry larger and deeper, the poetry of Nature, was soon to come from Wordsworth and his successors, and Cowper had no small share in preparing for it. The subject of 'The Task' treats, in its best parts, of life in the country and the sights and sounds of Nature as seen and heard in the quietest and least romantic district of England. Cowper might not rank with Wordsworth as a poet; but 'The Task' is not less great a poem than "The Excursion".

T. D. TANGASWAMI.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ENGLISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY

THE changes, which have come about during the opening years of this century in the public and private life of women in England, are so remarkable, that it requires a considerable effort of imagination for one, born soon after the beginning of the century, to realise how different her life would have been had she belonged to the nineteenth rather than to the twentieth century. The aim of this article is to outline briefly some of these changes, and to risk a few prophecies as to future tendencies.

During the last few weeks, the writer, and some five million other Englishwomen, mainly between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, find themselves in the possession of a Parliamentary vote for the first time. As a child, I can remember hearing stories of Suffragettes, who seemed to be curious women dressed in loud tweed costumes, who delighted in making a noise, in breaking shop windows or doing any damage, so long as they could provide an excuse to shout "Votes for women"; who did not fear even prison so long as their cause received a head-line in the papers. Their goal has now been reached, but the real movement which lay behind this spectacular manifestation, which is all that I can remember, is still active in obtaining release from all laws which penalise a woman because of her sex. In the campaign for votes for women, as in all others, the Great War had its effect. How soon women would have been admitted as electors I do not know, but the franchise was extended to a large number of women over thirty at the 1918 election. This was not yet on an equal footing with men, and though the day of the pre-war window-breaking Suffragette was over, the effort to remove all barriers to women was not relaxed. Since all men have the vote from the age of twenty-one, the present Government has extended the privilege to women over this age. What the result of this will be on

the forthcoming General Election no one knows, since the number of women voters now exceeds the number of men. There are many, not least among the young people, who would have liked the age to have been twenty-five for both sexes, when those who record their votes are more likely to be able to do so intelligently.

The extension of the franchise has brought women right into the political life of the nation. There is the relatively small number of women who sit in Parliament, and the larger number who stand as candidates, as well as many more who locally are Magistrates, Borough and City councillors and Poor Law Guardians. Now criticism can be levied at many of these that a woman's place is in the home (a point of view not over-popular with certain people in England at this time) and that they are neglecting their natural duties in taking up this public work. There are three reasons at least which may answer this criticism.

The first is that very many of these women taking up public duties are married women with a grown-up family or sufficient means to give them liberty for public work, without interfering with home responsibilities, or they are single women. There are in England about one million more women than men and some at least of these are finding an outlet for their powers in useful service for the community.

Secondly, these women, who are putting the woman's point of view in Parliament and elsewhere, have already affected the outlook of the various bodies, and any measure for the benefit of women or children is sure to get from them not only support, but criticism from first-hand knowledge. The presence of women on the magisterial benches provides much greater security for the female and child prisoner, while women Poor Law Guardians are having beneficial effects on the domestic side of Poor Law Institutions, the treatment of women vagrants and so on. To sum up these points, the value of women's work in public life is far greater than might be suggested by the number of women engaged in it.

Lastly, apart from any specific work, a body composed of both men and women is much safer than one made up of either sex alone. Also, the enlargement of interest which the woman receives reacts not only on the public life but on the home. She has an intelligent knowledge of subjects, which before she could never have discussed with her husband, while she is better equipped to train her children to take their place in life.

This entrance of women into public life is one of the results of the change in the type of education given to them. Until towards the close of the last century, education was the prerogative of the few. The daughter of any middle-class family would be sent to a small private school

kept by a maiden lady. Beyond the three R's, (reading, writing and arithmetic), her education would be mainly in sewing, fancy work, music, dancing, general department and such subjects, with the sole view of making her an ornament to the drawing room. Now, a general education is compulsory for all children from five to fourteen. Besides the free "elementary schools", there are many secondary schools for both boys and girls which take their pupils right up to the University entrance standard. The girls' schools are planned on the lines of the boys' schools and at the present time their curriculum is similar, and both boys and girls work for the same examinations. This is likely to be modified in the future. Though for the few who go on to the Universities, where men and women work together, the same foundation is necessary, it is not suitable for the average girl who could do with less mathematics and Latin, but needs more general and domestic subjects. The question of modification is constantly discussed and some changes have already been made. Yet this education which she has received has given the woman of this generation a wide outlook and made her able to stand on an equal footing with men. It is now for her to choose how her own daughter shall be educated. The change in the schools, together with the opening of the Universities to women, has given to those who can seize it the opportunities of constructive service in public life, to which I have already referred.

History tends to be a series of reactions and so the present tendencies towards independence of women is a reaction from the seclusion, inferiority complex and pettiness of Victorian England. Here again it is necessary to lay stress on the tremendous upheaval of the War. There is a great determination among young women to be independent in every way, and a school and college education is in nearly every case regarded as the preparation for a career. Economic pressure has something to do with this, and if a family has given their daughter the benefit of higher education they expect to be relieved of financial responsibility. This is creating something of a problem ; since a few years ago domestic work, nursing or teaching were the only occupations open to women. Now, only the latter is considered sufficiently intellectual and remunerative for a University graduate. Many new professions are now open, such as medicine, the Law and various social appointments, but these can only take a certain number and the woman graduate is therefore much more restricted in her choice of a career than her brother.

The results of the spread of a Secondary School education to a large section of the community can be seen in the competition for secretarial and other similar posts, while on the other hand the difficulty of obtaining domestic servants increases year by year.

Last but not least, there must be a mention of the social changes which have come over the life of women. With the War the women

took the places of the men at home in England. They were to be found in every office, bank and factory, they drove buses and lorries, they put on trousers and worked on the farms. The social conventions fell in a moment. The girl was a wage-earner and free to do as she chose. She demanded freedom of thought, and ever since she has prided herself on having her own opinions and will follow blindly no one's lead. The nature of the work she had to do necessitated physical freedom which was not given by the complicated and bonny dress she wore. Twenty years ago, the larger the hat, and the more material in the skirt, the more the wearer felt herself to be well-dressed. To-day, the very reverse is true! While there is much excess and lack of a sense of beauty in some of the outfits to be seen all over the country to-day, the present-day styles have at least some advantages. They are far more healthy and allow of much greater physical freedom. The cost of clothing, though still high, is now relatively reduced, since the styles are so simple that any girl can make her own frock and add many pretty and inexpensive touches to her hat, her coat or her handbag.

There is a good deal in the changes in our social customs, which is hardly understood, and often misunderstood by others. The days, when students were taken from lecture to lecture in the University under the escort of a chaperon, are now subject of mirth. The chaperon has almost completely disappeared from at least one University during the last two years. Men and women entertain each other and go out together freely. Whereas in the past the man was his own master and must look after himself, and the woman was to be kept under strict care and supervision; now both are on an equal footing and are responsible for themselves. This has been understood to mean not only liberty, but licence and that the curtsies to women are no longer needed. This is far from being the case. The freedom means much in the way of genuine friendship, with a complete lack of self-consciousness. Women choose among their men acquaintances as they choose among their fellow-women, and no man who takes advantage of a woman's freedom will long remain in her favour. There may be much that can be criticised in the young woman of to-day in England, and criticism will do her no harm, provided it is constructive and not only destructive, and is based on a real understanding of her past back-ground and present opportunities. We have left behind the petty and unnatural Victorian young girl, and changes are always fraught with danger; but the young women who will go to the poll in the General Election of 1929 have an opportunity of influencing the future history of the world such as no generation in this country has ever had. Let us hope that their influence will be towards peace and goodwill at home and abroad.

M. ALDREN WRIGHT,
Cambridge.

MY IDEAL MAN

A FEW articles have lately been published on "My Ideal Woman," in this magazine, but not a single one has appeared on "My Ideal Man." I wonder why! I think, that it is so, because men, on the whole, do not scruple to air their innermost feelings to the world. They are not afraid of talking about their ideal women, and strange to say, they often marry the girl who is entirely opposite to what their ideal was at one time. If you hear a man talk about his ideal girl as being tall, graceful, fair and beautiful, be sure you will one day see him tied to the apron-strings of a short, stumpy, dark and ugly girl; and the strangest part is, that he will be loyal to her on all occasions, ardently love her, and swear he never had any other ideal before, but the one that corresponds in every detail to his wife. Verily, I say, men are indeed contrary creatures!

We women, however, seldom talk about our ideal men. Why? Because we are excessively sentimental, and we think that it is sacrilege so to talk. In our heart of hearts, we look up to our ideal man as to a god. How then, can we talk about him? Perhaps, at a very sentimental time, when the moon is up, and we are walking arm-in-arm with our best girl friend, we shall not mind confiding our sacred secret to her. But that friend, we feel, is our friend of friends. She knows all our secrets. What a difference from telling the whole world! Alas! what fools we are to take life so seriously and to even dream that there is such a human being as an ideal man. How ruthlessly are our dreams crushed as we gain more experience of the world. We are indeed striving after a phantom, when we try to find our ideal men. They do not exist! All our castles in the air generally tumble down, and in the end we are satisfied with marrying merely either money or looks. We become comfortable, respectable married women, then, and earn the names of "good women" and "loving wives". But few of us, however, really love our husbands with a pure and ethereal love! Do we not, on the other hand, make a virtue of necessity? We marry, because we are afraid of being old-maids, and then, we pretend to the whole world that it was love which made us marry. What hypocrites we sometime are!

I think there is a stage in most of our lives, when we, as girls, do not have a definite picture of the ideal man, but change constantly from one hero to another. I am not speaking of those women, who are so prudish and virtuous as to say that they have never felt thrilled by the presence of handsome young men. But every healthy-minded flapper has, I think, gone through a time, when she has had many heroes. Her ideal changes almost every week. At one time she looks up with awe and respect to the handsome young sportsman, who dashes through a tennis tournament with triumph, or scores a century at a

cricket match. Then her feelings suddenly change. She gives up her sporting hero, and is mad after a poet with long greasy hair and sentimental eyes; or her next hero is a swanky dandy, who does nothing but talk about himself and think about his clothes. Soon, however, she realises that she has been rather silly, and settles down, and forms that definite picture of her ideal man, which, as I told you before, is often disappointed.

And now, let me come to the point and see if I can give you a little sketch of my ideal man. I am afraid he is rather vague. But I have some little idea of him.

In the first place, he must be tall. I could never fall in love with a short man, no matter what his virtues may be. He need not be handsome, because looks do not count in a man. He can have a stumpy nose and a funny mouth, and large bat's ears; but one thing I am particular about, and that is, he must have nice eyes. I would hate to marry a man who had narrow shifty eyes. Fancy looking at them everyday. Ugh! I would like the eyes to be large and wide apart, eyes that had a dreamy wistful look in unguarded moments. No, that sounds more like the description of a girl's eyes, than a man's. I had better stop talking about eyes.

The character of the man should be such that I should respect him and at the same time, not be afraid of him. You know what I mean? He must be, for instance, one of those good men, who do not grumble when a fairly weighty bill is suddenly sprung on him from a *sari* shop. I hate men who always grumble at their wives for extravagance. After all, if he has money, why cannot his wife spend it? It is her money as well as his. Did he not swear that he and she shall be one? It is different, of course, if he has no money to spare.

My ideal man must be a thorough sport. I do not mean in the narrow sense of being good at games, but sporting in character. I would hate to be tied to a jealous and petty-minded man. You know the sort I mean? Those who will not let their wives out of their sight, in case they go flirting with other men. My husband should have perfect trust in me, and allow me to go where I please, and of course, I hope I should be as free-minded with him. Otherwise, it would not be fair.

It is not essential for my ideal man to be rich. Nay, if I fell in love with a beggar, I would marry him; but there is always consolation in the fact that it is almost an impossibility to fall in love with a beggar!

Must there be a perfect understanding between us? Yes and no. There should be no secrets; at the same time, we need not impart everything to each other. Our natures should not be exactly alike. We

must have quarrels. Half the delight of married life would be spoilt without quarrels. Fancy having a man who said " Yes, darling," to everything! He must put his foot down sometimes, so that we may quarrel and not speak to each other for two days. Then, there can be a delightful scene of reconciliation, when I finally shall get what I want!

My ideal man should be good, amiable and strong-minded. He should by no means be a temperance man. I hate those supporters of Pussyfoot, who go about signing the pledge, and then have a secret peg in the privacy of their rooms. He should be open about it, and not be ashamed to have a whisky and soda in the presence of the most austere bishop.

Finally, my ideal man must love dogs, and allow me to keep at least a round half-dozen in the house. Think how dull our life would be, gazing at each other day after day, without Marmaduke and Balaam and Timothy and Chicot and Moti and Cæsar rushing about all around us, and making a general row!

I think I have given a fairly definite picture of my ideal man, but I feel rather nervous that, when I do find my ideal man, he might not realise that I am his ideal girl, in which case there will be general unhappiness, unless it happens to be Leap Year!

PADMINI.

WOMEN AS WIVES

IF I make bold to write to women about the ideals that men desire in them, it is to those primarily who have been affected by the world-thought directly or indirectly. I am writing to them who have to set up new ideals in view of the present situation. What I may say may be applicable to those of the last generation in a more or less degree. But I believe no old ideals as such, can ever adequately meet the problems that women of this generation have to face. We must build on the best of the old, though it will be necessary to modify and add to it. I do not hesitate a moment to say, that the women of to-day are in no way worse than their mothers and grand-mothers. Each generation has its problems, and all praise to them if they in any measure succeed in meeting certain phases of the problem. Life demands of the modern young man and woman many things that the older generation had never been called upon to face, and some of their problems have ceased to exist for us.

Again let me state that we have had great examples of wifely love and devotion in Sita, Savitri and Damyanti and hosts of known and unknown women of India. And yet much in them has to be rethought and adjusted in face of modern problems.

I am going to discuss in this article some terse commonplace statements that have much meaning, if we bring to them the mind to follow them to their logical conclusions and see the depth of their meaning. Along with it will arise problems that must be discussed in another place, but will be raised here.

I write here with a strong conviction that the salvation of India lies to a very great extent in the hands of Indian women; that moral leadership will come most from our wives and mothers in our homes and that no one has such opportunities as they, if they only will rise to the occasion.

The very first thing one would like to say to the women of India, that are to be wives, is that in their married life, they should not let themselves be treated as weak, dependent beings. Many will say that this goes against the grain of Indian tradition. I myself feel that it does not, but even if it does, one would counsel that one should rise above it. It need not necessarily mean that a confident self-reliant woman cannot be a devoted wife. On the one hand, she will be a better help-mate and can meet petty and irritating cares more adequately. And on the other hand self-respect will beget respect, and a certain amount of independence will bring in its train more worship from the man. At once the problem of education, training and the capacity to be independent crops up and must be faced. How we shall raise womanhood to that pitch must be our earnest enquiry.

But, a certain kind of false independence has come to the modern woman who looks at the domestic labour and cooking as something below her dignity. To such a one I would naturally say, "Don't be afraid to soil your hands." The re-action against monotony or routine should not make a woman to leave one of the great functions assigned to her, and that is to be the presiding goddess in the home, giving love and beauty by her acts, and bringing into the providing of food and comforts some imagination and joy.

In modern times it seems necessary to say, " do not be afraid of the big thing in your life, motherhood." It is not so much the begetting of children but all the implications of conscious motherhood. It means a woman must prepare herself in joy for the creative function, not only in the pre-natal period, but even before. No woman should submit to motherhood, unless she realises its greatness. It is necessary that woman should protect herself. Too true it is that unchivalrous man has made it very hard for her. But we do require a mighty protest on the part of woman, that invincible courage that must ultimately break the man if he is wrong. Nothing happens if we wait for a favourable situation. One has to create it, and I am deeply conscious that that is very very hard and yet must be faced.

But many a woman unwittingly raises the beast in man by thoughtless acts and words and sometimes by conscious silliness. These raise a fire that consumes them ultimately. I speak of real instances in *married life*. Love that is deep and pure is a holy flame that feeds life and not destroys it.

In this connection, let not the lack of affection drive a man to indifference, which is the other extreme. In fact it is necessary these days that Indian women should show the deep love that might be in their hearts by external acts, apart from their daily ministrations. Indian wives are not companions enough, though they are great comrades in the battle of life. They need to show an intelligent interest in the daily life of the man. They should know the details of his life at the office or his work, his pleasures and interests. The educated modern young man instinctively worships the woman who is interested in what some may call superficial things. Still, life consists of both the transitory and the untransitory and a due recognition of both is necessary.

Then again, Indian women are apt to give too much time to household cares, children and cooking, thus depriving their husbands of their pleasant and cheering company, which is a great means of soothing life's little cares. But a sensible wife will use her rule also as a means of strengthening her hold on the man and his life. Let the woman therefore rule as a benevolent queen holding the heartstrings of her husband.

Then again let her invite him into all the interests of her home life. Let her never save him from his necessary duties, nor give him to understand that the financing of the home closes his duty to the home, but call upon him to assume responsibilities in co-operation with the wife, in every phase of home life.

It is necessary also that every wife should be both a passionate lover and understanding mother to her husband, demanding from him his highest ideals and promises and yet forgiving him and encouraging him after his failures. But she should never show her husband her petty jealousy of other women's clothes or jewels nor ever note the better condition of other wives. Whatever you desire, set about quietly to get by all the right means that lie in your power, and let not the man see your weakness.

In conclusion, behave as if you are the goddess of your household, instinctively drawing the love and worship of your husband, the respect of your relations, your children and your servants. Let your generosity abound, and not only your body but also your mind and soul be adorned with ornaments of love and joy and peace.

"A MERE MAN."

THE BURDEN

There are men in this world to whom it is given
To strive and to do and to dare:
But others can only attain to their Heaven
By burdens that they have to bear.

"The lowly of heart shall inherit the earth",
Is what the Great Master made known—
But Africa's millions can only claim birth,
Where God gave the land for their own.

No voice in the laws that their is to make,
No leadership granted them there;
Their homes in the country that others forsake,
Bereft of their God-given share.

Like servants in places where they should have trod
As masters: in lone wilderness,
In lowlands, where sickness abides, to their God
They cry in their bitter distress.

But He, who made those to whom it is given
To strive and to do and to dare,
Shall work for these others, and grant them their Heaven
Through burdens that they have to bear.

M. H.

TO A FRIEND

Bright be the road that you are faring,
Light be the load that you are bearing,
Sweet be the home that you are sharing,
That is my prayer for you!

Rich be the songs around you flowing,
Pure be each place where you are going,
Long may God's skies on you be glowing,
That is my hope for you!

LELAND J. BERRY.

THE HAUNTED GIRL—(A Story)

AGAINST my will, I had come to believe in ghosts. There was a time when I had scoffed at them, when I had refused to believe in a spectre till I had seen one. But now, I imagined things intangible in everything, I shrank from every shadow, I started at every sound out of the ordinary. And the cause of it all was that I had a fixed idea that a spirit from the unseen world was trying to get into touch with me, the spirit of one who had once been dear to me, who was still dear, but whom,—alas! alas! that I should have to say it—, I had estranged by my own act. And surely, surely, if Chandran was trying to see me, it was because he wished to clear away all misunderstandings between us. He would not frighten me as I was being frightened now. And yet—and yet—!

Let me explain. My father had been a Pastor of the Church of England, and I was his only child, the beloved of his heart. My mother had died at my birth. Indian Pastors are supposed to be poor; indeed they are rather badly paid; but we had had our own money, and we were in comfortable circumstances. But I had cared nothing for wealth or position; for my world was made up of my father and Chandran. I had met Chandran at College. We had studied together for the Intermediate, and passed it. Then, he had entered into a closer relationship with me. We had become engaged to be married, and I was so happy. I had begun to learn music, and he had joined the Medical College. After finishing his M.B. there, he had gone to England to qualify for the I.M.S. All this had taken some years, and still we had not tired of each other. When it had been almost time for him to come back, the Great War had begun; and Chandran, who had offered his services, had been ordered to join the Hospital staff somewhere at the Front. Perhaps, he would be asked to risk his life and I would never see him again. But, who was I to stop him from his path of duty and glory? And, would I have done it if I could?

I had gloried in my brave young hero. With wet eyes I had read his ardent letters about his preparations, and we had written each other our 'Good-bye' letters, in case—in case—anything happened.

"Be true to me, darling", had been some of his last words in the letter. "Be true, whatever happens. If you desert me, I do believe I shall die in the War, and my spirit will haunt you."

"I do not believe in ghosts", I had written back. "But still there are more things in Heaven and Earth, than we know about. Anyhow, let us not speak of such things, for they are not likely to happen."

And yet, they had come true. I had deserted him and even told him so. But, it had not been quite my fault ——

But, let me go back again and explain. Soon after Chandran went to the War, the Bank in which our money was failed, and my poor old father died of the shock. I was left desolate, but I was not unhappy, for, had I not my lover left to me? A good friend of ours got me some light well-paid journalistic work to do, and I liked it. My careful aunt, in whose charge I was, often came to me with representations of what my duty was in my poverty-stricken state. I ought to give up Chandran, because there was no use in waiting for him so long, and try and get married to a rich man. Of course I refused. I knew she was afraid that I would be too much of a burden on her, and I did not blame her much, for she had her own three children to support and she was a widow.

One day, however, she came to me with a longer face than usual. "My dear," she asked, "Chandran has written only one letter to you, has he not, after the Bank failed?"

"Yes Aunt, but that is because of the irregularity of the post service from the Front."

"Ah well, and did he say much?"

"Of course he could not, because his letters are censored, but he told me not to be worried about money, and to wait for him."

"Well," she said with a furtive shake of her head. "He was bound to say that. But I would not depend on him too much, if I were you, Mallika. Besides, you must not be a drag on him, you know. You are a poor girl, and, as his family is poor too, he ought to be free to marry a rich woman."

I shook my head violently at her.

"All right, my dear", she said sadly. "I must be plain-spoken then. Remember, I have tried to break the news gently to you. I have tried to appeal to your good sense, but you will not listen to me. Here then is my piece of news. Chandran wishes to be released from his engagement. He has written to his mother. There is a rich girl here, that they want him to marry, and he has said that he will consent, if you let him go."

"I will not believe it, till I see the letter," I gasped, as soon as I could speak.

"No, they will not give me the letter, as it contains some talk about family matters. Believe me or not, as you like. But, if you still stick to him, you will prove that you have no pride left. Fie, fie, my dear. I am ashamed that you should be a niece of mine."

I hesitated for a long time. Chandran had begged me to be true to him whatever happened. How could I desert him then? But then, he himself wished to be free. Suppose however his people, who were very

worldly folk, had spoken a lie to me? But, no they would not be such deceivers. So, for a long time, I was torn, as it were, in two. At last, heckled by my worthy Aunt and Chandran's mother, I gave in. I wrote to Chandran my cruel letter of dismissal. A month after, a month of agonised remorse—, I wrote again, recalling my other letter and begging to be forgiven. For, money or no money, I knew my dear one's heart too well. But Oh God, God! two days after I had written, came the dread news that he had been killed. My Chandra dead, and gone with bitter thoughts of me! My joyous young lover gone, his merry laugh silenced, the glance of his bold black eyes quenched for ever by the cold hand of death! And I was left all alone in this world, and, worse than that, all alone in the next, for I could never claim him again. Why was I alive? Why could I not die?

After recovering from a week's illness, I gave up my work and went to my Aunt's house. I took up a sort of servant's duty there, without any pay, and I was nearly driven mad by the monotony and the drudgery and my Aunt's nagging. Then matters became worse, for an elderly suitor appeared on the scene. I discovered that he had all along been reserved for me in the old lady's mind. Between the devil and the deep sea as it were, I did not know what to do. Then, suddenly I felt that I was being haunted by the spirit of my dead lover. Slowly, but surely, I came to realise it. Had he not said that his spirit would haunt me, if I were not true to him?

Good Heavens! Why did that chair creak so? No one had sat in it for a long time. Why was it then always creaking? Why had I always the sense that someone was sitting in it, someone trying to touch my hand, to speak to me? That chair had been the only thing besides my clothes, which I had brought with me, for it had been the one in which my beloved had loved to sit in my father's house.

There was a rustle behind me, as I stared at the chair. I started and looked round, and saw my aunt. She was looking at me with a queer look.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "Are you going mad? Why do you stare at that chair so?"

"It creaks." I mumbled.

"Of course, a rattan chair creaks. Why do you not place it in the verandah? It is a nice chair, and would look pretty there. But no, you must have it in your own room. I must say girls nowadays are becoming very selfish."

There was a pause. Then she continued in slow incisive tones, "I do believe you will soon be off your head, Mallika. You know that there was that old grand-aunt of yours, who went mad. She was not my relative, thank God, but your mother's. But, I think it is time that you married Mr. Shunmugam."

"Never," I muttered.

"Are you so stubborn then? It is a pity you were not so, where your old lover, Chandran, was concerned. You ought to have stuck to him."

"But—but—I thought," I stammered with trembling lips.

"You thought all wrong then. I told you he said he wished to be free. So he did, but only after I had written to him that you were tired of him and wished to marry a rich man. There! the secret is out. Don't be so angry, my dear. It was all your own fault. You were in such a hurry."

I stood up, for I could not stand it any longer. There was no use in arguing with the conscience-less old woman. I made up my mind to leave my aunt's house, and go to a married friend in Madras. No sooner said than done. I packed my things, got into a jutka, in spite of the protestations of my aunt, who was now very sorry, and was off, a little feeling of excitement in my heart. My friend received me with words of consternation. "Great Heavens, Mallika! what have you been doing to yourself?" she cried. "You look as yellow as a ghost; your eyes are as large as saucers, and the circles round them are like deep wells."

"I shall soon be all right with you," I murmured. She took me in with kind words, and gave me a room. Except for the servants, we were two alone in the house, for my friend's husband was away on business. I had arrived in the morning; the afternoon was a cloudy one; and as the night closed in, the wind blew in stormy gusts. I grew more and more ill at ease. Stella, my friend, noticed it, as we sat together after supper.

"What are you thinking about, Mallika? Why do you look so frightened?"

"Nothing much, Stella. I shall tell you all about it to-morrow."

"Well, don't be looking round every minute then. You make me nervous. You should not allow yourself to be run down like this."

"That was why I came to you."

"What is the matter?"

"I feel—feel so frightened."

"What about? Tell me."

"Not now, to-morrow if I can."

"All right. By the way, do you know this is New Year's eve?"

"Is it? I had forgotten."

"I know," she said sharply, "you forget everything nowadays. Well, you know there is an old superstition that to-night you are supposed to see your lover, if—Oh! what a fool I am. I must not say anything more," she stopped in confusion.

"Come, come, Stella, tell me. You are supposed to see whom?"

"Your lover's face in a looking-glass at midnight. I am longing to try it. My husband has been away on his tour for a month, and I do so want to see him. Forgive me, darling", as I burst into tears. "I knew I ought not to say it, but I am always so tactless."

As she soothed me, a great longing filled my heart. Would that I could see my Chandran! Of course, Idid not believe in Stella's superstition, but perhaps, I could see him, if I laid myself open to the influences around me. Why should I be afraid of his spirit? It would do me no harm. And yet, was such a thing possible?

After ten o'clock, we went to bed. It was a pitch-dark night outside, though lit up now and then by vivid flashes of lightning. Thunder growled and pealed outside. There was a night lamp in my room, and by its dim light I could clearly see all the furniture. A big wardrobe was on one side of the bed, a dressing-table was on the other. In one corner was a large cheval-glass. A chest of drawers stood in front, and there were some pretty draperies and pictures. Altogether, it was a nice room.

I could not sleep. I was altogether over-wrought. Thunder always made me restless. But I must lie still and not disturb my friend in the next room.

I must have dropped asleep. A sudden crash of thunder awoke me. The night-light still burnt softly. I turned on my side with a sigh, and prepared to court sleep again.

But what was that? Someone was tapping at the window, three taps, just as Chandran used to tap at our class-door in the College, when he wished to attract my attention. Was he there? I must not be afraid. So, I sat up, and shivering with a fearful expectation looked round. The movement of something white in the room roused me thoroughly, and I slipped out of bed. Who was that?

God! there was Chandran before me, all shrouded in white. He was coming to meet me, he was holding out his arms to me. Then—he was not angry with me? Oh, I was glad, glad, glad!

"Chandran", I cried, "come to me. Take me with you. It was all a mistake. I wrote to you again."

"What are you doing, you silly goose?" cried my friend's voice from behind. "Whom are you talking to? Why, it is your own reflection, child, in the big mirror. Whom were you calling to?"

"I—I thought it was Chandran."

"Chandran?" she cried, "How can you see Chandran? Come, child, pull yourself together. He is dead, and I thought you did not believe in spirits. Come, wake up, you are dreaming far too much nowadays."

I got into bed again. Stella sat by me, After a little, she suddenly started up and looked at her watch.

"Oh dear," she murmured, "it is one o'clock, and I wanted to look into the mirror at midnight. By the way, it must have been just about that, when you screamed, Mallika; and you were facing the glass. Did you really see Chandran? I wonder—I wonder—But then he is dead; and to see your lover thus he must be alive. Poor girl! There, there, try to sleep. Let us talk about it to-morrow."

The next morning, I woke unrefreshed. Stella made me stay in bed. In the afternoon, she went away with many apologies on some urgent business. After a little, I felt too restless to lie still, so I got up and dressed and went into the sitting-room. I felt ill and feverish. And there was such a longing in my heart for my beloved. At last, I could not bear it longer. I flung myself on a sofa, buried my head in a cushion, and sobbed aloud.

"O God" I cried, "help me, let me see him once more and hear that I am forgiven. Then let me die. Oh, I cannot bear this agony. I shall go mad soon."

I heard dimly a car stopping outside, and I roused myself. Oh dear, I must not allow anyone to see me as I was, all dishevelled. There was no time for me to slip away. What should I do? A sudden inspiration struck me. I would pretend to be asleep.

Steps came to the door. I heard the servant speaking to a visitor.

"Will you sit down, Sir? The mistress is out, but her friend is here, and may see you, as you say your message is urgent."

Good Heavens! what should I do? I still lay on the sofa, trying to think out a plan. I heard the visitor give an exclamation and come near me. Then I stirred. I felt that I must pretend to wake up. I uncovered my face, preparatory to sitting up. But, before I could see anything, someone had knelt at my side and taken my hand into his. Someone had gathered me to him and cradled my head on his shoulder. And—and I felt again the old familiar presence of Chandran. Was I dreaming, or was it really he? Had a miracle happened? Had the great God answered my prayer?

I released myself and looked at the intruder. It was really Chandran, and the blessed consolation came to me that the report of his death had been a dreadful mistake. Here was my lover, with his old dear smile, and the old black fire in his eyes; but both the smile and the glance were sad. I knew why.

"Chandran," I cried, "forgive me. I wrote to you again."

He put a hand to my lips.

"Hush, dear, hush," he murmured. "I know all about it. But don't talk of it again. I cannot bear it."

After a while, he whispered, "I am going to make sure of you this time. Shall we be married soon? I am on a long holiday."

And, of course, I consented.

KAMALA.

Group Photograph of the C. P. Women's Educational Conference, with Lady Butler (wife of the Governor of C.P.) in the centre and Mrs. Byramjee (President of the Conference) on her right.

OUR SERIAL

"Choose Your Girl!"

(A Play of Modern India)

SCENE II

(MR. SIVA RAO'S HOUSE a large room furnished half in Indian, half in English style, with a pretty effect. Neela is reclining on a sofa, reading a book. She is a tall severe-looking girl, with glasses. Lila, a softer-looking girl, sits on a carpet, in a corner arranged with cushions and pillows, doing a spangled sari-border. Both girls seem to be excited, for they fidget with their work, and often look up expectantly at the door.)

(Enter Meena with a quick step, almost dancing.)

Meena :—What pretenders you are! Here you both are, all quivering with excitement, and yet you assume a quiet demeanour, each busy with her work, forsooth. How much have you read, *Neela*, andwhat is your book?

Neela :—Surely, I can read what I like, and how much I like. The quality of my book does not depend on my visitors, does it?

Meena:—No? I am glad to hear it. And Lila, how much embroidery have you done? Only an inch? You have just started it then? But, it is very effective, I must say. Quite a good setting-off for your style of beauty. Well, well—(Sitting down on a low easy-chair.)

Lila :—Well!

Meena :—(Mockingly) Well? What is it you wish to know, Lila?

Lila :—Nothing much.

Meena :—I shall not tell you then, what you are dying to know. Have you cooked a good lunch to-day? And are we all going to eat together, quite in the English style, eh—?

Neela :—Why do you laugh at everything we do, Meena? You are developing a very cynical personality, quite the satirist!

Meena :—Don't sneer, Neela. You are more of a cynic than I am, you know. You sneer with spite, I mock with laughter. Isn't there a difference?

Neela :—(Crossly) I suppose so; but I cannot agree with you. I am too tired. Anyway, I do not see any reason why, on account of you, all our efforts at improvement should come to naught.

Meena :—Are they coming to naught? I am sorry. But what I am laughing at is all this fuss you are making about nothing. Here is this grand gentleman coming from England—Mr. Rajan forsooth—a rich man,

an I.C.S., a great tennis player, and what not. And here we all are, falling head over heels in our efforts to please him.

Neela :—We are trying to please ourselves. This is merely an opportunity for extra improvements for ourselves.

Meena :—Is it ? You mean, I suppose, improvement in our position. Each of you wants him to choose you as his wife.

Lila :—Don't you ?

Meena :—Do I ? I am sure I do not.

Lila :—Why that grand dress on to-day, then ? You usually dress in cottons. Why the silk to-day ?

Meena :—Because, father specially asked me to wear it.

Neela :—Did he ? He never asked me to put on anything especial.

Meena :—Ah now, you are jealous. But, you see, Neela, he knows you do not need advice; nor you either, Lila. That is something to be proud about, eh ? While I am a harum-scarum, higgledy-piggledy individual.

Neela and Lila :—Hum !

Meena :—Father is a dear old man, but I am very angry with him still. What business had he to throw us at that man's head ? He has made me feel cheap. If he had been a poor man, and not in a good service, will we have been so—so—eager to meet him ?

Neela :—Of course not. After all, we are human beings, and each of us tries to better ourselves. There is no use of being sentimental about it.

Meena :—(Reflectively) Better ourselves ! That is where we differ. You take material advance as betterment, I think of the mental and spiritual. Because a man is rich, I do not see why he should be lauded. I would far rather prefer a poor man as husband.

Neela :—Would you then ? And how could a poor man support you, with all your luxury, those chic shoes, those silk stockings, that gauzy sari, that blouse, and those ornaments in your hair ! And—but what is this ? Come into the light, Meena. What have you done to your face ? (Jumps up and drags Meena into the light).

Meena :—(Laughing) I was wondering when you would notice it.

Lila :—(Going up to them.) You have powdered and painted your face, and your lips also. Ugh ! Now, you hypocrite, tell me why you have done that ?

Meena :—Because I am the ugly duckling; besides you both, I am nothing.

Neela :—(Triumphantly). You do want to attract Mr. Rajan, then.

Meena :—(Crossly) I do not ! Why should you think so ? Why cannot you understand that it is just a desire not to be always put into

the back-ground by you two paragons of virtue and beauty. Besides, you have big dowries, and I have only a small portion.

Neela and Lila :—That's the rub, isn't it ? That is what makes you squirm, eh ?

Neela :—I wonder.

Meena :—It does not. I am not squirming. I am not a worm, I should like you to know.

Lila :—Then why this painting of your face ? This is the first time you have done it. And it is really very wrong of you, indeed.

Meena :—Why cannot you think that I wish to attract the poor man ? Has not Mr. Rajan got a poor friend, Mr. Sankar ?

Neela :—Are you not fond of money ?

Meena :—(Crossly) I suppose I am. All girls like money, don't they ? Besides, that does not mean that I want to marry money.

Neela :—I wonder again. You know Rajan is a great Swarajist. I hear he dresses in Indian costume. You won't like that, will you, Meena ?

Meena :—No, I will not. I think our men look so nice in English dress. And, come to think of it, even the Indian dressing people have a sneaking liking for the English style.

Lila :—In that case, you can have the Sankar-poor-English style.

Meena :—Thank you. At least, I shall have one for myself ; while you two will have to squabble over a single man. What book is that you are reading, Neela ?

Neela :—Tagore's *Gitanjali*. I do love it.

Meena :—So do I ; but there, they have come. Don't you hear a noise ? I was going to tell you that he was coming by this train, but you did not deserve it ! Sit down, sit down, girls, do not look so excited. (They sit down, Meena runs to her chair, sits down and jumps up). But, oh dear, what shall I do ? I have nothing to do with my hands. (Runs up and down) Help me girls, help me.

Neela and Lila :—Why ? You say you do not care, and why should you get excited ?

Meena :—(Still darting here and there) Shall I sit down to the piano ?

Neela :—You cannot play much, and you will make an awful noise ; and then *he* will see that father has praised you too much. Serve you right, Meena. That is your punishment for disobeying father, when he wanted to get you some lessons in English music.

Meena :—The Vina ? But no, I cannot play that. Dear, dear, oh—oh, there they are coming. I hear their steps. Find me a book—a book. (Takes one from the shelf, opens it at random, and flops into her chair.

(Enter Mr. Siva Rao, their father, Sankar as Rajan in Indian costume and Rajan as Sankar in English clothes. Tney are introduced to the three girls, and all sit down.)

Siva Rao :—All busy, eh, at their usual tasks? My gentle Lila at her embroidery, my learned Neela at her books, and my frivolous Meena also reading. Very good, my girls. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Rajan, that that old trite proverb is true, 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' I have always trained my girls to busy themselves with something or another.

Sankar :—Very good indeed—I mean—quite true—the proverb I mean.

Rajan :—(Laughing) Splendid!

Neela :—Mr. Rajan, don't you love Tagore? What should India do without him? I wish we had more people like him.

Sankar :—(Looking startled for a minute, then after a glance at the other man, getting up and seating himself next to Neela) Are you reading Tagore? *Gitanjali*? (Mispronouncing it) Splendid!

Neela :—How English you are, Mr. Rajan. Even our names you pronounce in English style.

Sankar :—(Stammering) Have I—have I—pronounced it wrong? I am sorry. I at least appreciate the meaning of the word.

Neela :—(Simpering) *Gita*—song, and

Sankar :—*An—Jali*—

Rajan :—(With a burst of laughter) Stop it, *Sankar*, I mean—Rajan. *Anjali* is one word, meaning, a handful—Ha-ha-ha.

Neela :—Don't you love his mysticism? What do you think of the double meaning he has in each phrase?

Sankar :—I hate double meanings myself. Phew! How hot it is here, after England.

Siva Rao :—You look cool enough in that dress, and I must say it becomes you. But don't you think it would be better for you to put on the English dress? The Government may like it.

Sankar :—Government?

Siva Rao :—Of course. The Government adores its I.C.S. people—the Heaven-born.

Meena :—Little tin gods!

Sankar :—(Turning with relief to her) Quite right, Miss Neela.

Meena :—I am Meena.

Sankar :—I apologise.

Siva Rao :—But, my dear Sir, when I think of all the subjects you had to study so carefully, I really think you deserve all you will get. Let me see now, what did you take? English of course.

Sankar :—And Mathematics, Science.

Siva Rao :—Science, Politics, Economics. Which do you like best?

Rajan :—Ha-ha-ha.

Sankar :—Eh? Economics, of course. (Turns to Lila) What a pretty embroidery you are doing, Miss, Miss——

Siva Rao :—Lila.

Sankar :—Thank you (Goes and sits down by Lila.)

Rajan :—(Goes to Meena) What is this that you reading, Miss Meena? By Jove, a dictionary? Do you often study one?

Meena :—(With a gasp) Sometimes! Do you not think that is the best book to get information from, Mr. Sankar? We can get so many English words from it.

Rajan :—Yes, of course, but do you always study it upside down?

Siva Rao :—(With a look of suspicion at Meena) Upside down?

Meena :—(With a smile) But, do you not see I was holding it like that, to help me to memorise.

Rajan :—By Jove! Do you learn all those words by heart? What a memory you must have.

Neela :—She is only pretending, you know.

Meena :—By the way, I have arranged a Tennis tournament for you Mr. Rajan. We are all anxious to see your tennis; and you know, I also play.

Siva Rao :—(Admiringly) She does, and very well too.

Meena :—(Modestly) No—no.

Sankar :—(As Rajan) But—but—I cannot play.

Siva Rao :—(Admiringly) How good it is to have the virtue of humility.

Meena :—But, there is such a thing as carrying it too far.

Sankar :—Eh? But I cannot play.

Rajan :—Of course you can, my dear fellow.

Sankar :—I mean I can—but my foot; I hurt it badly in the boat, you know, and I have not got over it yet. Did you not see me limp as I came in, Miss Lila?

Lila :—(Dubiously) I suppose I did.

Sankar :—There you are, you see.

Siva Rao :—But, there is a very good doctor here, and he will make it all right in no time. You did not limp much, you know.

Sankar :—Oh, but really, I must not play tennis—the doctor on the steamer told me not to. You must excuse me, Mr. Siva Rao. Perhaps my friend Rajan, I mean Sankar—can play in your tournament.

Meena :—(Politely) I am sure he can, but—

Sankar :—That is all right then. I assure you, he plays well, I have taught him a lot of my strokes, and I have made him learn a good style.

Rajan :—Indeed, indeed? Self-praise is best praise.

Sankar :—Ha-ha. (Turning to Lila) Do you like music?

Lila :—I do, especially Indian music; and we are longing to hear you, Mr. Sankar. I am told you are splendid at our tunes.

Rajan as Sankar (In great alarm) At Indian music? Of course! but my throat is bad, you know. I have been asked not to sing for sometime.

Meena :—That is very sad indeed. Mr. Rajan's foot first, and now your throat. You must both be rather delicate in health.

Rajan :—I assure you, I am. Now, my friend Sankar, I mean Rajan, is a very strong man.

Siva Rao :—(Doubtfully) He does not look stronger than you.

Rajan :—I assure you, he is. And I am sure he will sing for you.

Siva Rao :—Does he know Indian music too, besides his other accomplishments? Well—well he must be a versatile man.

Rajan :—I taught him, you know; and when I teach, I teach well.

Sankar :—Ha-ha.

Siva Rao :—It is getting late. What about lunch? Is it nearly ready, Lila?

Lila :—(Standing up) Yes, father, I shall see to it. Excuse me. (Exit).

Siva Rao :—(Following her with a fond eye) I do not know what I would do without my Lila. (Sadly) Ever since her dear mother died, she has been my right hand. Such a good house-keeper too! I assure you, there has been no need for me to marry again.

Sankar :—Of course, wives are meant chiefly for a man's comfort, are they not, Mr. Siva Rao?

Siva Rao :—Eh? Are you laughing at me?

Sankar :—I assure you, I am not.

Rajan :—No—no, don't mind him. He has always been rather foolish, no—no, I mean, absent-minded.

Siva Rao :—Great people are always like that!

Lila :—(At the door) Lunch is ready, father.

Siva Rao :—Let us go then to the next room. Unless the inner man is satisfied, the outer man will not do its duty, eh?

SCENE III

(MR. SIVA RAO'S HOUSE. THE GARDEN.)

(Enter Sankar and Rajan, still in their borrowed personalities.)

Rajan :—I say, we have got into a mess, have we not. What with your tennis and my singing?

Sankar :—Not to mention the way you have of calling me by my name, instead of by yours—

Rajan :—I like that. It is you who are always doing that.

Sankar:—What! Calling myself by my own name? How can I?

Rajan :—(Impatiently) You know what I mean—Calling me by my own name. You are a fine example, Sankar, of that Bible proverb—Cast the beam out of thine own eye, etc., etc.

Sankar :—Etc., etc., well?

Rajan :—I was going to say—we have got into a nice pickle here. What shall we do?

Sankar :—Why, what is wrong?

Rajan :—Everything. Mr. Siva Rao, I think, half suspects something; and, as for the girls—

Sankar :—Ah, there's the rub. The girls, ah, the girls!

Rajan :—Don't be absurd. You know what I mean.

Sankar :—I do not. You are "Heaven-born," and a little tin god, and *you* may know the thoughts of others, before they express them. I am only an ordinary mortal.

Rajan :—Enough of this nonsense, Sankar.

Sankar :—Call me Rajan. It will give you practice.

Rajan :—Indeed?

Sankar :—Pish!

Rajan :—Pish, indeed! I should like to know whose suggestion this absurd deception was. It was you who is responsible for all this trouble.

Sankar :—Was I?

Rajan :—Do you like deceiving poor innocent people, as we are now doing? What do you think of me, eh?

Sankar :—The same as I think of myself. Yet, you consented to the scheme, you know.

Rajan :—(Gloomily) So I did.

Sankar :—And now let us place matters on a firm basis.

Rajan :—(Still gloomily) How?

Sankar :—Which girl do you like?

Rajan :—What business is that of yours? Which girl do you like?

Sankar :—Ha—what business? Ah-ha-hum. I know whom you should like, but hang me if I can guess whom you like.

Rajan :—That is my diplomacy.

Sankar :—You run specially after Lila, and she is not your type at all, you know.

Rajan :—(Laughing) Is she yours then?

Sankar :—I leave you to judge.

Rajan :—(Clapping him on the back) Forgive me, old fellow. I was merely doing the diplomat, you know, making things easy for you. You like Lila.

Sankar :—Did I say so?

Rajan :—Admit it like a man. You are a regular Bhima for food, and—

Sankar :—Do you mean to insinuate that I shall marry for the sake of comfort?

Rajan :—Who of us does not? At the bottom of everything, we are all selfish. You do admit that Lila is a splendid cook, do you not?

Sankar :—By Jove, yes. Did she not turn out those English dishes well, and all with her own fair hands, too.

Rajan :—There you are, you see.

Sankar :—And she is such a pretty, comfortable-looking girl.

Rajan :—Too plump for me.

Sankar :—Then I suppose you prefer the distinguished Neela, with her superior airs. She is the girl for you, eh?

Rajan :—Hum—

Sankar :—Of course, she is just the girl for an I.C.S. She will order your house well, entertain your guests in the correct style, talk excellently, and by Heaven, improve your mind as it ought to be improved, what?

Rajan :—Hum—

Sankar :—Hum away. I wish you joy, Rajan—I mean Sankar. She will take you to lectures, addresses, put you at the head of committees, advise you about your judgments, and by Jove, won't she read you lectures too.

Rajan :—Enough of this foolery.

Sankar :—Call you it foolery to talk about the girl you love? I could talk about Lila for hours.

Rajan :—So can I.

Sankar :—What, about my Lila? How dare you?

Rajan :—No, no.

Sankar :—About Neela ?

Rajan :—No, no.

Sankar :—There is only one left—the little Meena, the harum-scarum Tom-boy, the irresponsible school-girl, the thoughtless, brain-less—

Rajan :—Stop it !

Sankar :—She is modern.

Rajan :—She is both modern and ancient—I mean, Indian—a happy combination.

Sankar :—She paints her face !

Rajan :—That is only a thoughtless folly. She will give it up. I know all about it.

Sankar :—How ?

Rajan :—Never you mind.

Sankar :—Oh ! the deep, deep creature !

Rajan :—Stop it !

Sankar :—Why, she will be my sister-in-law.

Rajan :—She shall not belong to you.

Sankar :—How can you prevent that ?

Rajan :—I know I cannot. (Turning away.)

Sankar :—(Patting his back.) All right, all right, old man, I know your secret now. I was only ragging you. But, what about your dislike for the modern girl ?

Rajan :—Oh, do not worry about that; but (Gloomily) what shall we do, Sankar ? The girls will never forgive us our deception.

Sankar :—(Gloomily also) No, that they will not. (A pause) (Brightly) I tell you though, Rajan, what we shall do. We shall not deceive them in our preferences, at least.

Rajan :—What do you mean ?

Sankar :—You see, you prefer Meena, and I prefer Lila. Let us go on liking them like that.

Rajan :—How ?

Sankar :—You are dense. What I mean is this. You as Sankar—that is myself—who like Lila best;—well, go on showing your preference for Lila.

Rajan :—How can I, when I want Meena ?

Sankar :—Pretend, you fool, can't you understand ?

Rajan :—I thought you were going to be done with pretence.

Sankar :—Fundamentally, yes, but on the surface, no.

Rajan :—Dear me !

Sankar :—You make up to Lila, in my personality, and I to Meena, in your personality.

Rajan :—You dare !

Sankar :—Only for a while, and that too, superficially. I assure you, I shall not try to kiss her, or make real love to her.

Rajan :—You dare !

Sankar :—And you can make up to Lila. But, if you presume to propose to her, or—

Rajan :—All right, all right; we understand each other. You, as Rajan, pretend to make love to Meena, whom I really love; and I as Sankar, make love to Lila, whom you really love—By Jove, we are getting involved, eh ? Is it all right, then ?

Sankar :—Yes, but don't you go to extremes.

(They turn to go, then turn back)

Rajan :—By the way, what about Neela ? We ought not to leave her out. She is the eldest girl, you know, and she really ought to be married first. Besides, she is not a bad sort.

Sankar :—She is quite nice, when she is her natural self. Rajan, I have an idea. Why not invite our friend, Ganesh, here ? He is of the same high-brow type as Neela, lectures and committees and arguments and reforms and high ideals. Isn't it a good idea ?

Rajan :—Will *like* attract *like* ? It has not, in our cases.

Sankar :—Well, I do not know. Meena is harum-scarum, and she has attracted one like herself. There, there, I am sorry, old man ! Is it fixed then ? We shall ask Ganesh to come at once, and he will fix Neela.

Rajan :—But she is so much against marriage. She wants to take up some work or another. Will she relent ?

Sankar :—You bet she will. There is no girl, however modern or advanced, who will not marry when she has the chance. Ha-ha.

Rajan :—You wicked fellow !

K. SATTHIANADHAN.

(To be concluded)

THE TEMPLE OF SERVICE

(An Experiment in Social Welfare Work)

THOSE, who have an interest in Social Work, have become familiar with the numerous activities that have been organised in the cities and villages of the West. Service for the needy and suffering is by no means modern. Recent years have seen humanitarian work freed from much of the superficial sentimentalism and spasmodic generosity of earlier times. Now-a-days, schemes of social work are organised and co-ordinated to such an extent, that the social worker has become a skilled person with specific training and preparation; and it has become recognised that effective social work, like any other service for the betterment of humanity, requires all the trained powers and gifts of heart and head that the worker has to offer.

While this development has taken place with more or less rapidity in the West, there are increasing signs that India is awakening to the same need, and though conditions in East and West are so different, the experience of the West in the matter of social work and uplift is having its effect in inspiring and suggesting similar efforts in India for the advancement of its people.

Most of us have become familiar with the splendid work done by such bodies in India as the Servants of India Society, the Social Service Leagues, the Infant Welfare Societies, the Seva Sadans and other organisations. Of late also, definite schemes have been started here and there for village reconstruction work. Though some of these efforts are yet in their infancy and many appear to make but slight progress on account of the enormous need and the great difficulties of prejudice and illiteracy in their way, still, there are signs of a new movement spreading over the land, and one in which those who love India cannot but rejoice.

May I bring before my readers a small scheme for social work in the city of Bombay? It is an effort on the part of a handful of young Indian women who have felt a call and opportunity to serve India in this way. Bombay is one of the great ports of the world, of which we who belong to her are proud. She is indeed one of the gateways of India and through her pass to and fro the crowds of business people and pleasure-seekers of every nationality under the sun. But those who only visit our city as birds of passage, be they Indians or foreigners, can get little or nothing save a most superficial idea of its life. They may see our fine buildings, they may admire the beautiful harbour and the famous Elephanta Caves, but few have the opportunity of seeing something of the squalor and over-crowding, and of understanding the life and struggles of our working population. Bombay is a city of great contrasts, of wealth and poverty, of beauty and ugliness, of idle

luxury and hard and sordid struggle. One cannot live in it long without realising the great need of the poorer classes for every kind of help and uplift along educational, medical and social lines, and it is to meet this need in one little corner of this great city that a small group of Indian women are endeavouring to do their part.

Tardeo is the name of one of the districts of Bombay not far from Malabar Hill, which is famed for its beauty and for the fact that it is the residential quarter, the "West End" of this great city. Tardeo lies at the foot of the hill. It is a mill area and has amongst its mills the largest cotton mill of the city. Many of the workers travel daily to their work from a distance, though numbers of them live in chawls in the immediate vicinity. The population consists of Hindus of various castes, Moslems, Parsis and Mahars. The last mentioned are 'untouchables', and live in huts built of palm leaves or disused Kerosine oil tins and the like. The need and opportunity for work amongst all these is equally great. Most of them are really village folk who have settled in the city for the sake of employment, and great is the contrast between their city conditions of life and the healthier and more open life in their native villages. From the first, our group of social workers have determined that their work should be done without distinction of caste or community and that the doors of their centre should be open to all alike who are in need of help.

At first the work consisted of visiting one of the chawls occupied by Hindu mill-workers. Those who have made such a venture for the first time will readily understand the barriers of reserve and suspicion and shyness that had to be broken down during those first days of visiting. Our first successful contact was made with a mother, who had five daughters. She was called "Nuko" which means "unwanted." Nuko, however, was really a great favourite, even to the point of being spoilt. Slowly and gradually the other women began to lose their fear and reserve, and after a few weeks of persistent visiting the ice was gradually broken and it became a common thing for us to be invited to sit down and talk, while the women cleaned their rice or prepared to do their cooking.

Sometime later, we were able to have the use of an empty room in these chawls. Our opening ceremony took the form of a tea party. It was a difficult event, because of caste difficulties and shyness, but we were amazed at the success achieved through the sheer force and power of simple friendship. We soon arrived at a stage, when we were able to hold regular weekly classes. Many women learned to sew, and occasionally stories were told and health talks were given with the aid of pictures. At times, they were entertained with songs and music. We discovered that an occasional outing, particularly if some kind

friend loaned us a car for the occasion, was much appreciated, as a sheer relief from the monotony of the daily round. In time, the women began to show definite signs of trust and friendship towards us, and this encouraged us to plan further developments.

Though a municipal primary school existed in Tardeo, very few of the chawl children attended it. At this stage we opened a small school for them in our little chawl room. It was only intended to be a temporary measure, for our hope was to develop a school-going habit and to provide what might be a stepping-stone to regular attendance at the ordinary municipal school. In this matter, we have been successful, and a large number of our children are now regular scholars in the municipal school, in fact the idea of going to school is rapidly being accepted by parents and children and we have been able to disband our little school and devote our energies to other needs.

The time came when we felt the need of large premises for other branches of work. Our idea was to form a women's settlement and those who know of the responsibilities and opportunities of settlement work in Western countries will realise the courage required to pioneer such a scheme. Having no funds wherewith to rent or purchase a house which would accommodate the work and also provide quarters for residential works, we made a beginning in renting some rooms in a house belonging to a mill near by. This was not done without difficulty and expense. A few friends promised to help to raise the rent by small monthly subscriptions in order to give the experiment a chance. Then, by means of gifts in kind from generous friends, the rooms were equipped and our work began in real earnest on April 2nd, 1928.

A nursery school was started for children of a pre-school age, and so the school-going habit is being fostered even amongst the tiny-tots; and small children, who would otherwise spend their day in the dark room which forms their home, or on the verandah of an insanitary school, now spend it in clean and healthy surroundings, and with that care and those interests provided, which make for healthy physical and mental growth. As they pass out from our nursery school, they now proceed to a primary school without question and as a matter of course.

We also opened a class for young girls, who, on account of custom and prejudice, never have gone to school and never will. Most of them have been married early and we endeavour to provide a curriculum for them which is strictly in relation to their home conditions and life needs. A lady doctor offered us her voluntary services one afternoon a week, and we were able to open a medical clinic which again brought women and children around us.

Our next development was a play-centre for girls and one for boys. The need and value of organised games is being felt, as, in all large

industrial cities the world over, our girls and boys suffer from the lack of play and exercise and the happy combination of outlet and discipline that organised games provide. The play centres are open after school hours so that the municipal school scholars can attend. We are at present endeavouring to make a further development in establishing a circle, where the women who work in the mills can leave their babies during the day. It is our hope that the mill authorities will make it possible for us to do this. Our hope also is to get the help of men workers to organise social work for the men of Tardeo. We ourselves hope to increase club activities for the women and to develop new branches of work for them, as we have the opportunity.

As the work develops, needless to say, the financial burden increases. Our hope, as I have said, is ultimately to rent or to purchase a house which will become a centre for all branches of our work, and also provide living quarters for educated Indian women of all castes and communities, who are willing to give themselves as voluntary or paid workers to such work and to serve India in this way. At present, a small group of friends are meeting our running expenses by small monthly donations. So far, the success of the experiment has more than justified our first hopes and endeavours, and it will be a disloyalty to the light and faith which guides us if we are not willing to press forward to greater achievement in future. We earnestly hope that sympathetic friends and readers will not withhold their interest and help.

Our hope is, as I have said, that this centre will become the first Indian Women's settlement. We have given it the name " Seva Mandir ", which means " Temple of Service ". Our desire is to make it a real Temple of Service,—a place where no needy person will be turned away without succour and friendship, and a place where generations of Indian women social workers in future may gain their inspiration and training experience. The Seva Mandir, it is hoped, will become a centre, where Indian women of all communities may unite to give their services to the uplift of this great nation, and through it to the wider world outside. While the work is managed and undertaken by Indian women who know the language and understand the lives of their own people, they look to women in other parts of India to give their sympathy and interest whenever and wherever possible.

To ears accustomed to records of achievement in other and larger spheres of social service, this account may seem trifling. But, to those who understand the conditions and needs of our masses and who realise the comparatively new acceptance of the idea of Indian women rendering public service day by day in the actual slums, the pioneer nature of our effort will be clear. Much spade work has yet to be done before the foundations of our scheme are felt to be really secure. By patient

understanding of our people and by faithful and persistent effort, we hope to reach our goal and to make the Seva Mandir a centre of light and service and friendship for all who come within its influence.

ANANDIBAI JOSHI.

BOOK REVIEWS

LEGAL *Aspects of Social Reform* by Paul Appaswamy, M.A., LL.B., published by the Christian Literary Society of India. Price Rs. 3/-.

This is a very instructive book, written in a balanced and strong, though perhaps a little heavy, style, about the different reforms needed in India.

Mr. Appaswamy deprecates the fact that India is not yet fully awake, in spite of the efforts made specially by the Westerners to rouse it. "The awakening, however, appears more in the outward and visible frame than in the mind, and more in the faculties of the intellect, than in the feelings of the heart that beats one with humanity. The ancient spiritual soul of India cannot yet be said to have shown itself with its pristine vigour."

In the lecture on Hindu Law Reform by Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar which is given as the foreword of the book, the important question is considered of how to bring about very necessary reforms in the system of Hindu Law. Says Mr. Appaswamy about this, "Left to themselves, educated Hindus might possibly have effected improvements, and altered the law so as to meet modern requirements. But a foreign regime is naturally hesitant, where an indigenous ruler could have modified the law with boldness and public acceptance." But, is it right, it is asked, for Government to carry out a measure against public opinion, however right the measure may be ? There have been cases in the past when the Government rightly carried through legislation in the face of opposition. But, in the future, it may be impossible to do so. "The only remedy, which is open, is to educate public opinion, to persuade the public to come round to your views, and then go to the Legislature with the support of popular opinion behind you." The constitution, therefore, ought to become more and more of the responsible type; and every citizen ought to come to feel that it is his duty to speak out his convictions, in spite of great opposition. "The right course for a citizen is not to be afraid of the opposition, but to press his own views, and seek to persuade others to adopt that course which he thinks best for the removal of those defects in our legal system which seem to require amendment."

Reform, therefore, is needed, but there are many obstacles in the way. There are many things to cope with, such as the restrictions of the "Hoary system of caste;" the unreasonableness of the Hindu joint family system; and principally the backward condition of the women of the country. It is interesting for us to pause to consider the latter. The author tells us that it is due mainly to the men of the country, that "half the limitations and defects from which our people suffer are directly or indirectly traceable to the persistent ill-treatment that has been awarded to women." In the ancient days, the woman of India was far better treated. The change for the worse seems to have started about the 7th Century, B.C. It went on and on, till the time came when the lawyers themselves thought that things had gone too far. But the movement could not be stopped. "Time and again it has been found," says Mr. Appaswamy, "that when a social movement has been set on foot by popular leaders, it grows to dimensions and leads to consequences much larger and more disastrous than the founders of the movement ever contemplated. Even if they realised the danger in time, and determined to call back the movement initiated by them, they found, only too frequently, that it had advanced far beyond their power, and that things were bound to get a great deal worse before they could possibly become better. This is exactly what happened as regards the status of women in India."

The author takes each defect in detail, and suggests some valuable remedies. The evils of Infant Marriage; the necessity for Widow-Remarriage; the cutting-off of marriage expenses, Bride and bridegroom price and Marriage Brokerage; the necessity for Monogamy and equal marriage laws for women as men; the evils of concubinage and prostitution, are all considered. The rights of women are enumerated, such as the necessity for coming out of Purdah, their consent to marriage, their need to use their own earnings, the rights of widows and daughters, the peculiar privileges of Stri-dhanam. Finally, some suggestions are given about women's education. "The future of the Indian race," says the writer, "depends on the future of our women, and it is only to the extent to which the stock is improved and the general evils from which society is suffering through the neglect of its women are removed, that there can be any real change for the better in future. Women hold the strategic position in the building-up of nationhood, and it is impossible to expect that a virile race will spring up and assert itself as against other nations, so long as women are kept weak and ignorant, treated as mere drudges in the home and exposed to the perils of maternity when they are still growing children."

Sense and Sensibility in Sex and others stories of Indian Women by A. S. Panchapakesa Ayyar, M.A., I.C.S., published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay.

This book is a collection of stories about the influence of Indian women on their men, incidentally bringing out the disabilities and depraved conditions in which the women of India now live. The book gives some valuable lessons, for instance, we have the triumph of love over hate :— " If I had allowed hate to triumph over love at that critical moment in the hospital, my family would have been entirely ruined instead of prospering as now. God made love triumph over hate and brought about all this happiness. After this, who can deny that love is the most potent force in the universe and, in fact the supremest attribute of God ?"

Then there is a comfortable philosophy of life advocated, " We are glad to live, but shall not be sad to die. Birth is a mystery, death is a mystery, but honest hands earnestly applied can ignore all these and live with reasonable joy."

Again, we are told, that " Fate is mostly what we make it " ; also we have the theory of success, " Success is a science like everything else and can be cultivated."

The good influence of women also, even though they are uneducated, is accentuated ; and their common-sense and sensibility praised. A wife influences her husband to give up his useless search for work in town, and with success take to the more or less neglected task of cultivating his ancestral lands. The prayers of another wife help to free her husband from an ancestral curse ; the faith and devotion of still another recover her husband's trust in her.

In this book are also given us some of the rights which should be given to women. For instance, " a most important thing for husbands is not to believe slanders about their virtuous wives readily and turn them out of doors to death or worse." We are told that widow-remarriage can be justified " on every human being's right to happiness." " Custom is the mill-stone round the neck of India's womanhood. Cast it off and be free." But alas, a woman cries : " Having been a slave of custom so long, I have lost the desire to be free ; " and so another woman laments : " May God make the life of a woman like me less of a Hell in Bharatavarsha."

But Mr. A. S. P. Ayyar is rather inclined to be satirical, which I suppose really cannot here be helped. Human failings can, we know, be treated in two ways, either with humour or with cynicism. One can either smile at them, or grin at them. Mr. A. S. P. Ayyar is rather too inclined, I think, to do the latter. He takes the faults of his own India more as a matter of course, as following the scheme of Indian mentality, and therefore more as a fateful result, than as I would sometimes take them, *viz.*, as exceptions which prove the rule, or as mistakes which have crept in and can be eradicated, or as harmless causes for tolerant humour and kindly ridicule. He must not forget that books written

by educated people like him will be accepted as gospel truth by foreigners. His *After-dinner stories* have been characterised as offering true insight into Indian mentality; but alas, one critic places his anecdotes about "Brahmins," in the same class with those about "greedy ghost-eaters and crocodiles!" Mr. Ayyar must be careful about "the flood of light he throws on the difference between Indian and Asiatic minds."

K.S.

FRIENDLY CHATS

Have Inventions Made Life Happier?

THE World Crisis brought on by the Great War would not be so desperate but for modern inventions. While facilitating labour and saving time and energy, inventions have created far more leisure than is good for humanity.

Inventions have brought every kind of comfort and pleasure to our doors and linked up most parts of the world. Knowledge and news travel with unprecedented rapidity and civilisation advances beyond all conception. The motor, the aeroplane and the wireless have become, not luxuries, but necessities. Inventions contribute largely to developments in every branch of industry, which fill the pockets of the minority at the cost of the majority. Hence the world to-day is faced with unhappy and intricate problems that were not dreamt of by our forefathers. The commercial and industrial evils and some of the social and international questions that confront this age may be traced back to inventions and their disastrous results.

Thus, while saving time and labour and increasing leisure, have inventions made life any happier? On the contrary, mankind seems more restless with an insatiable hunger after pleasures that satisfy little and last less.

The labour unrest all the world over is but a revolt of souls, and what is a revolt of souls but dissatisfaction and unhappiness in life? We live in a world of progress and are largely controlled by our general environments. The man in the street has to reckon with the traffic, in the park with pickpockets, and at home with telephone rings or radio singing. Still we do not want to put the clock back like Gandhi, although we must admit that the restless and unhappy state of life obtaining everywhere to-day is deplorable.

The modern run of humanity sets about busily to kill the silence which nourished our ancestors, and yet we are told that "in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength." The World Crisis that staggers men to-day needs a solution which will ensure their ultimate

happiness and peace. If a man can see that in his own soul he has the vital essence for his own good and for his own progress, he will no longer ask for the tonic of material aid. The problem of life is one of true adjustments, and these can only be made by reaching the SOUL. When men give the first place in life to their souls, then and only then will inventions fall into their legitimate place. And thus can they help to solve, rather than to heighten, the world disaster brought on by the Great War.

E. I. TAMPOE.

A FURNISHING SUGGESTION

(A Fantastic Scheme)

THE other day, we happened to be motoring in the morning, not very early, but about eight o'clock, when the sun is not dazzling enough to hurt the eyes, and everything still looks fresh and dewy, though a little more mellow than at dawn. As I looked around with pleased eyes, it suddenly struck me that here could be got a scheme of furnishing for the Indian sitting room. Surely, we could not do better than go to nature for advice in such matters. And here was something soothing and refreshing to the eyes, very necessary surely, in this hot land of ours, and still not too dull or drab-coloured.

So it struck me, and then I drew back. How on earth could I reproduce in poor words the marvellous harmonies of Nature? No, there never could be any hope of that; but I could try to give mere indications and suggestions, so that people with cleverer heads and a more artistic sense, could try to carry out the scheme in real harmony. And I hope, nobody will ridicule me for my tentative efforts, or think them bizarre.

Here then is the scheme.

Get a carpet of green, a fairly vivid green, of deep pile and silky, so that it gives the idea of green fields of crops, waving softly in a gentle breeze, and shimmering lightly in the early sun.

Then on this, set furniture, upholstered in leather, or silk tapestry, of two shades of a dull sandy colour, to give the idea of rocks and hills and big boulders. I think the furniture should be of old teak or walnut, not black wood, nor even rose wood. And it should have some boldly-worked carving on it. And some of this furniture should be in the shape of deep long *divans* or settees, fixed against the walls. If no upholstery is liked, the seats should be of the ordinary rattan kind.

Behind all this, the doors of the room should be draped with purple grey silk to represent far-away ranges of hills,—thick material, falling in deep folds, without any borders worked on them. But I would not have

too much drapery about, for that would be too hot and unhealthy; just the necessary purdahs for screens between rooms.

Then, I would have cushions dotted about, large soft deep cushions, of good material, which will not get easily spoilt. Some should be of a soft brick-red, to represent the warm colouring of tiled roofs. Some should be of shades of green, to remind you of distant and near lines of trees, and verdure. Some should be deep-purple and deep-grey, to make you think of the shaded hollows in hills. And here and there should be a pale silver-grey velvet cushion, to represent a winding silver river: and two or three amber-coloured ones to tell about the rich golden glow of morning.

I would have one or two fairly big, vivid, good brass ornaments against the purplish curtains here and there, to represent the golden sun. Little silver ornaments would not be amiss to represent the grey thatched roof of huts. There should also be a pale-blue vase in a corner, to speak about the pale-blue smoke rising lazily out of chimney holes in huts. Pale biscuit-coloured vases, for the colour of roads, would be a relief.

The walls should be distempered in a light bluish-grey, with white borders, to represent the sky with its clouds. The pictures should be about Indian subjects, in colours of smoky grey, or deep blue, or deep amber, to imitate the distant landscape.

"SISTER SUSIE."

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER X.—DISORDERS OF THE NOSE AND THROAT

1. *Colds.*—A Cold means a state of inflammation of the nasal mucous membrane and running of the nose. Infants sneeze normally during the first few days of life, the irritation of the dust in the air being the cause of the same. But the actual cold coming on in children should be regarded as a disorder, though trivial, and should be so treated.

Causes.—1. Weakened and delicate children are very susceptible.

2. Children who are too warmly clad and muffled are rendered more sensitive to cold.
3. Exposure to cold or to sudden variations of temperature.
4. Want of hygienic surroundings.
5. Presence of adenoids in the throat bring about a frequently recurring cold.
6. Many specific fevers such as measles are ushered in with a severe cold.

Symptoms are well-known. There is running of the nose first, of a clear and later of a thick nature. The eyes too may water; the nose is red, the face is flushed and there may be a slight fever. The child has a dry cough and his appetite is impaired.

The temperature must be taken in all cases where the cold appears to be severé, especially when an epidemic of eruptive fever is about. If it is high, say, 102° or 103°, the patient should be carefully watched for eruptions or other complications.

Treatment.—Put the child to bed if there is fever, but if the temperature is normal, he should be kept indoors and protected from further exposure. If the weather is all right, he can be taken outdoors. He should be bathed with hot water and warmly clad. The diet should be liberal.

The bowels will require cleansing and a dose of castor oil or any other usual purgative at the commencement is beneficial. Inhalation of Eucalyptus oil—by placing a piece of cotton wool soaked in the oil somewhere near the head of the child in bed—gives quick relief and opens up the blocked nostrils. Exposing the child to the fumes of incense[1] is also beneficial, if there is too much of discharge from the nose. In suitable cases and where possible, the nose and throat can be cleansed with Glycothymolene by means of the atomiser or the spray.

No drug is generally called for: but, Quinine Hydrochloride in doses of 1 grain for a child 1 year old, or Quinine Ammoniata ½ a tabloid for a child, will stop the cold.

2. *Tonsillitis.*—One of the most frequent ailments of infancy and childhood is Tonsillitis. When we are told that a child has had slight fever that passed off quickly, tonsillitis among other things must be suspected.

The tonsils are two lymphoid structures,—something like the glands,—situated one on each side at the root of the tongue, and their inflammation is known as Tonsillitis.

This is brought about by exposure to cold wind, or by the presence of a foul-smelling atmosphere in the vicinity of the child, such as the street drains, or by placing the child in badly-ventilated dwelling houses.

Tonsillitis is recognised by the presence of fever and difficulty in swallowing. The fever comes on suddenly and may reach 102° to 105°. The mouth of the child is hot, and the saliva tickles down. The child refuses to suck or to drink milk, as the throat is painful. If the throat is examined, it will be found to be red, with one or both tonsils enlarged to a variable size.

[1] Incense: *Sambrani, Boswelia glabra resin.*

Treatment.—In an acute condition, immediate relief can be given by a spray of 1 to 10,000 adrenaline chloride solution. Externally an application or two of antiphlogistine or hot flannel poultices to the throat will render good service. Internally, $\frac{1}{2}$ grain of calomel to move the bowels and drop doses of Tincture of Aconite in one teaspoon of warm water, repeated three to four times a day, will reduce the fever and abort the Tonsillitis. The throat can also be touched with a mixture of Tannic Acid and glycerine, or the warm expressed juice of garlic, by means of a brush or the finger.

There is another condition known as chronic Tonsillitis. This is very common in grown-up children, and is brought about by a series of recurring inflammatory attacks of the Tonsils and the consequent proliferation and over-growth of the organ. It is usually found in weak and subnormal children. Bad ventilation and improper hygiene are the causes of this chronic condition. If a child snores during sleep and breathes with his mouth open, and if there is a nasal tone of the voice, chronic Tonsillitis must be suspected and the throat examined. Two hard eminences one on each side at the root of the tongue will be seen. Sometimes, they will be so large as to meet each other at the centre. The child is sometimes deaf.

Course.—Enlarged tonsils increase in size during childhood and remain permanently until puberty arrives, when they usually shrink in size without treatment. Some cases, however, require surgical interference, and the following are the indications for their removal:—

1. When there are repeated attacks of tonsillitis.
2. When there is inability to breathe sufficiently through the nose, and snoring during sleep.
3. When there is a nasal voice and deficient articulation.
4. If there is a tendency to deformity of the chest owing to obstruction to respiration.

When one or all of these conditions exist, the question of removing the tonsils should be seriously considered.

Treatment.—The cause of this condition should be as far as possible discovered and remedied. Good ventilation and open-air exercise are essential. Cod-liver oil in some form or other should be given for a long time and the throat swabbed once or twice a day with Mandl's solution.

3. *Adenoids.*—The naso-pharynx, that is, the back part of the nose and the upper part of the pharynx is the seat of a large amount of lymphoid tissue analogous to that found in the tonsil; and adenoids means an overgrowth of this tissue exactly similar to chronic tonsillitis, with which it is often associated. They are generally very numerous, irregular in shape and vary in size from a small pea to an almond. They are red, firm, and bleed very readily.

Adenoids is an affection of great importance, as it has a far-reaching influence on the bodily and mental development of the children. It occurs most frequently between the 5th and 10th years in children, particularly in those who live in the smoky or dusty atmosphere of large towns or in ill-ventilated dark houses.

Symptoms.—In many children, adenoids is only a trifling affair and does not cause any symptoms; but in some it causes obstruction to the nasal breathing. In such, the mouth is held half-open, so as to allow the child to breathe through it, and therefore mouth-breathing is often the first symptom to be noticed. It is not so noticeable by day, as at nights when the breathing is loud and snorting. The sleep is generally much disturbed and night terrors are common. Sometimes a troublesome cough is present, usually excited by lying down. The nostrils if observed during sleep, will be found to retract during every breathing act. Deafness, recurrent ear troubles, stammering may be present.

If the mouth breathing is allowed to persist, very far-reaching and definite changes are brought about in the child, such as deformities and weakness of the chest owing to deficient expansion. Apart from that the child is dull and very backward, the voice acquires a nasal quality, hearing is impaired and the child is generally indisposed for physical or mental exertion. Such children always wake up with a parched mouth and have a foul breath. They are also subject to recurrent attacks of cold, bronchitis, asthma, and other chest complaints.

If left untreated, in only some cases, they disappear as age advances, but in some others they assume a chronic and infective form.

Treatment consists in the removal of the adenoids. We are apt to temporise and postpone surgical measures on some ground or another ; but the fact that the affection, if established, impairs the mental and bodily development of the child, should be remembered, and the little patient should be entrusted to the charge of a specialist. The good effects of the operation will be seen within a few days, when the child will begin to breathe through the nose.

Throughout the treatment, Cod-liver oil and Malt extract (Kepler's) are indicated and strict hygienic measures should be adopted. After the operation, the child should be placed in a room where there is plenty of fresh air. If he is old enough, he should be taught to take some breathing exercises, so that the breathing capacity of the chest may be increased. Milk, meat, eggs, cereals and fruits should be given, depending on the age and requirements of the case. The throat should be swabbed twice a day with Mandl's solution.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

I. A Wicked Mind Knows No Rest

DURYODHANA was the eldest of the hundred Kauravas, the son of Dhritarashtra. He had an evil mind, which not all the teachings of his good mother, not all the wise precepts of his able teachers, could change. The chief direction his wickedness took was a bitter hatred of his cousins, the Pandavas. There were only five of them; but these five surpassed the hundred Kauravas in everything, in intelligence, in study, in the arts of archery and swordsmanship, in goodness and kindness of heart, in reverence to elders and in the worship of God. All the cousins were under the guidance of their grandfather Bhishma, who provided them with a teacher called Drona. Drona and Bhishma treated all the boys equally; but the Kauravas knew that everybody preferred the Pandavas to them; and no wonder, either, for they deserved it. But Duryodhana and his brothers, did not know why such a thing should be. They were the sons of the reigning king, and why should the Pandavas be liked better than them?

It was no wonder then, that from the first, Duryodhana was jealous of his cousins. He coerced his father who was blind, to send away his cousins to Varanavata, where the eldest Pandava Prince, Yudhistira, was made king. The five brothers were housed in a splendid palace, specially built for them. But this palace had been entirely built of *lac* and other combustible substances. One day it was set fire to, and the Pandavas had hard work to escape. They however did escape, and went to Indraprashtha. There they won a great name for themselves and performed the Ragaswiya sacrifice, which proclaimed Yudhistira as the foremost of kings.

Duryodhana's jealousy knew no rest, though he himself was the heir-apparent to his father's kingdom at Hastinapura. He knew Yudhistira's weakness for dice, and invited him to a gambling match. By evil devices, he made his poor cousin lose and lose, till everything had been weakly lost, kingdom, wife and even themselves. So the punishment was that the five brothers should go into exile for thirteen years, during the last of which they must not be recognised. After the period of exile was over, the Pandava princes tried to get their own portion of the kingdom. But Duryodhana would not be fair to them.

Then, a great war took place between the two sets of cousins. All the kings of India took sides. Among the allies of the Pandus was the great King of the Yadavas, Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnu.

The war went on with dreadful losses on both sides, and after some days ended in the complete downfall and destruction of the Kauravas. Duryodhana himself was killed on the last day by Bhima, one of the

Pandavas. Yudhistira was very sorry at the death of his cousins; but he was consoled by the fact that such a destruction had been ordained by Fate. So, he was crowned Emperor at Hastinapura and reigned wisely and well for some years.

K. S.

II. Our Letter to Our Young People

DEAR CHILDREN,

Have you ever heard of plants which eat insects and small animals? They are called Insectivorous or Carnivorous plants, and they have the most wonderful mechanisms to catch poor little innocent insects and other tiny animals. They have traps, into which the insect enters, and from which it never emerges again.

Many of these plants grow in marshy places, they have either sticky hairs, or pitchers or bladders, attached to them. Some have sensitive leaves which rapidly close around the poor insect. Once these insects are caught, they cannot escape again, but are killed and slowly digested by the plant.

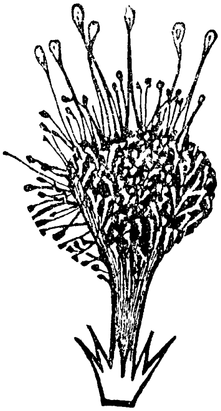
The *Sundew* or *Drosera,* is one example of a carnivorous plant. Here is a diagram of the plant.

PLANT OF SUNDEW
OR DROSERA.

It grows on wet soil, and the leaves are formed in a sort of rosette, and grow close to the ground.

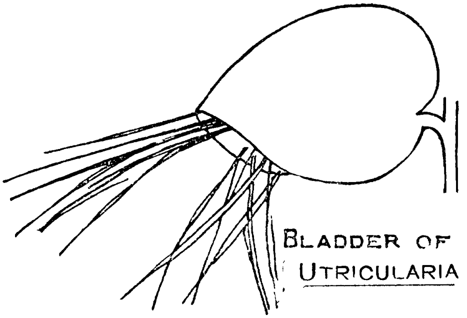
The leaf has many club-shaped, as well as short, hairs, which secrete a sticky juice. This juice looks like drops of shining dew, and insects think it is honey, and come to taste it. But, no sooner do they touch it, than they are held fast by the sticky fluid. The club-shaped hairs then

bend over, and the insect is carried to the middle of the leaf, where it is immersed in more juice. The fluid then changes to a digestive ferment, and the insect is absorbed by the leaf.



A HAIRY LEAF OF DROSERA

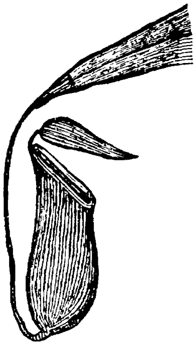
There is an Insectivorous plant called the Utricularia or Bladderwort, which has numerous small bladders on its shoots. These plants grow in water, and the bladders are filled with water, and are also provided with doors. These doors open only from the outside. Insects enter these bladders and never come out again. They swim about in the water inside the bladder until they die. Then they are absorbed by the plant.



BLADDER OF UTRICULARIA

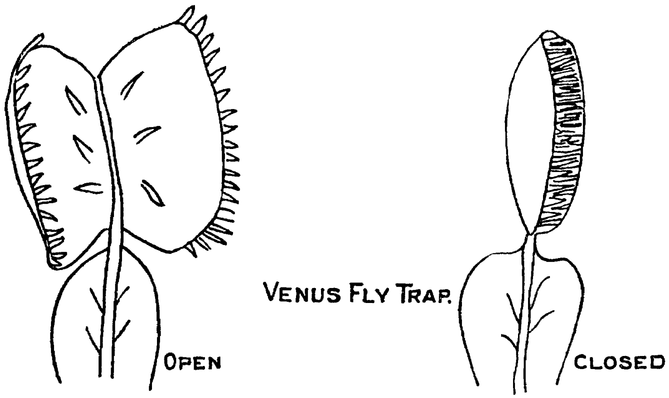
The pitcher plant is another Carnivorous plant. It is a species of *Nepenthes*. The middle vein of the leaf of this plant is prolonged into a winding stalk, with a pitcher attached to the end of it. The mouth of the pitcher has a fringe with sharp teeth. The pitcher looks very attractive on the outside, and insects go towards it. There are also honey-glands at the entrance of the pitcher, which further entice the insects. Immediately below these glands on the inner side of the pitcher, there is a smooth surface. When the insect reaches this part, it slides down into

the inner recesses of the pitcher, where there is water. Here it is drowned, and digested by ferments.



A PITCHER OF THE PITCHER PLANT

The last Insectivorous plant, which I am going to describe, is the Venus Fly Trap (*Dionæa muscipula*). The stalk of the leaf is enlarged and flattened like a wing, and the leaf blade itself is bent along the midrib, and has long teeth. Glandular hairs grow on the surface, and there are three jointed hairs on either side of the midrib. When an insect touches these teeth, it is entrapped, and the teeth at the edge of the leaf lock into each other, while the leaf folds along the midrib. Thus the insect is enclosed. It is killed and then digested.



I have given you four interesting examples of Insectivorous plants Have they not got wonderful mechanisms to attract and deceive insects? Did you ever imagine that plants could be so clever and cunning and fierce? Well, if you study more about them, you will find that they are indeed marvellous in the way they adapt themselves to the existing conditions around them.

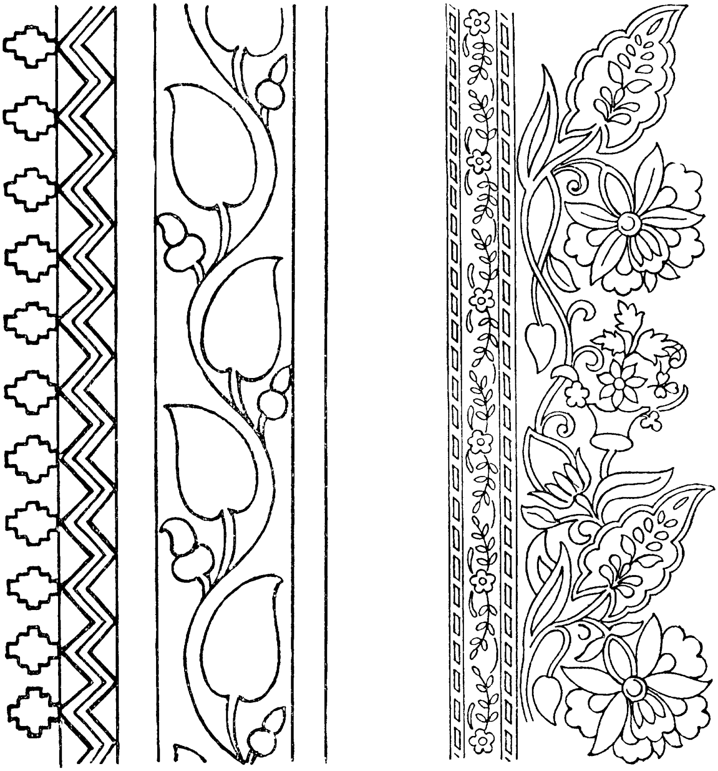
I am afraid I must stop now, so good-bye for the present.

Your sincere friend,

PADMINI.

OUR NEEDLEWORK COLUMN

TWO MORE DESIGNS FOR SARI BORDERS



(*Taken from Saris*)

OUR COOKERY COLUMN

(Selected)

Chicken with Rice

1 chicken cut up	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup of rice
2 onions	Salt to taste

2 tablespoons chicken fat or butter

Melt fat and fry brown the chicken, add onions cut fine. Turn fire very low, cover and cook until onions are yellow and tender. Then add about one cup of boiling water and let chicken simmer for one-half hour. Then add rice, which has been well washed, just cover with boiling water and cook gently until chicken is tender and rice is soft.

Tomatoes and Cabbage

1 white cabbage, 2 or 2½ lbs.
1 can tomatoes, 2 lbs.
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice
1 small onion
2½ tablespoons sugar
Salt to taste

Cut out hard center of cabbage and cut in half-inch strips. Cook in salt water until tender. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 small onion finely chopped and cook till tender, but do not brown. Add flour and blend, and then add strained tomatoes, stirring steadily as they will easily burn. Then add salt, vinegar or lemon juice and the sugar. Strain cabbage from liquid and add to tomato sauce. Keep in hot place until ready to serve.

Savory Spinach

Into a skillet put two tablespoons of butter. In this put 1 chopped onion and cook very gently until yellow and tender. Add one large can of spinach of the same amount or freshly cooked spinach. Season well with salt and cook gently for about ten minutes, and gradually add one cup of cream or thick milk. When well blended and thoroughly heated, serve garnished with slices of hard-boiled egg.

Baked Peas

1 can peas drained
1½ cups dry bread crumbs
5 slices of bacon diced
Salt to taste
½ cup milk or cream

Fry diced bacon until crisp and mix with peas and milk. Then put bread crumbs into the bacon fat, which was left in frying pan and mix well. Put bacon and pea mixture into a buttered baking dish. Pour bread crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven until crumbs are well toasted and crunch.—From "*Children*", *The American Magazine for Parents.*

OUR NOTES ON HEALTH

(Selected)

Your Worst Enemies

The dirty Home.
The dark Room.
The closed Window.
The untrainad Dai.
The Fly.
The Rat.
The Mosquito.

—*Health.*

Cheerful Thinking

(An Exercise)

Cheerfulness is a perpetual lubrication of the mind; it is the oil of gladness which dispels friction, anxieties and disagreeable experiences. The life machinery of a cheerful man does not wear out or grind away as rapidly as that of one whose moods and temper scour and wear the delicate bearings and throw the entire machinery out of harmony.

Force yourself if necessary, to form the habit of seeing the best in people, of finding out their good qualities and dwelling upon them and enlarging them. Do not see the distorted, crooked, cramped, burlesque of a man, but the man that God made. Ruskin says; "Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong. Honour that; rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes."

Persistently hold joyous thoughts when sadness threatens. Nothing makes for one's own health and happiness so much as a serene mind. A sunny, cheerful gracious soul is like an ocean breeze in sultry August, like the coming of a vacation. All doors fly open to the sunny man.—*Wealth and Welfare*

The Value of Water

Pure water is the best solvent known and a glassful or two taken on rising in the morning will help to cleanse the lining membrane of the alimentary canal and produce a regular healthy action of the bowels. The best time to drink water is early in the morning on rising, between meals, and at night before retiring. Tea, coffee or alcohol should never be added to the water. These are decidedly harmful and pernicious drugs and, like all stimulants, in time they mock those who are slaves to their use.

Elimination of waste matter should also be encouraged by the use of water externally. A full bath is necessary at frequent and regular intervals for the preservation of perfect health. Cold baths cause a considerable amount of shock and reaction, and are only suitable for people in vigorous health. Warm or tepid baths will be found more suitable for most individuals. Water has a wonderful effect on the body and is, of course, extremely valuable in disease as well as in health.—*Good Health.*

Food Value of Grains

The different grains, like wheat, oats, rice, maize have from the dawn of history been considered as the "staff of life". This is due to the fact that they provide nearly all the elements required for man's needs in almost the correct proportion, with the exception of rice which is low in protein element.

Bread

Whole wheat (*ata*) bread possesses properties, which so nearly represent the constituent parts of the body as to make such bread ideal for building up and keeping in repair the human organism. This fact is recognized in the familiar Hindustani expression for taking food, *roti kha raha*; He is eating his bread.

Therefore taking *ata* flour, either as loaf, chapati, or macaroni for the "key" food, the meal should be constructed by building around this wheat foundation other foods, keeping in mind the actual nutritional requirements.

First select a portion of one additional complementary protein article, either dal, beans, peas, nut preparation, cheese, milk or eggs. The addition of milk or cheese is desirable to add to dal, beans or peas. The addition of a liberal supply of leafy green vegetables to the last mentioned vegetable proteins would more nearly substitute for milk or eggs by supplying the missing amino-acids. Butter, cream or oil supply the fat requirement. The remainder of the meal

should be built up either of vegetables or fruit, to supply bulk, inorganic salts and such vitamins as are not supplied by the other constituents of the meal. A meal thus constructed may be relied upon to supply every requirement for body and mind.

Wheat is the best of all bread-making grains, as well as one of the most nourishing, because of the large amount of gluten which it contains. Gluten is an albumin substance made up of a number of different kinds of albumin held together by a vegetable gelatin. It is the rubber-like tenacity of this gluten by which the bubbles of air or gas are confined in the dough, that makes wheat flour so superior for the making of light breads.

Gluten is one of the most valuable elements of the grain. It serves specially to build up brain, bones and muscle as blood. Gluten is found most abundantly in the outer layer of the kernel, the chief remaining constituent being starch. It is for this reason that flour should be made of the entire grain, preserving these important elements.

Other Cereals

Maize, oats, rye, and barley closely resemble wheat in their constituents. These cereals are best served as porridge or scones, as they cannot be used for loaf bread-making in the same way as wheat, due to their deficiency in vegetable gelatin, although they are quite rich in other albuminous elements. The same principles apply in general to these grains as discussed under wheat breads.

Rice

Rice has been called the "King of foods". It feeds more millions than any other food used by man. One-half of the world's population makes this the principal article of diet. It is one of the most nourishing and easily digested of foods. Rice is rich in carbohydrates, mineral salts and water soluble B Vitamins.

But, as this cereal is somewhat low in protein content, it should be combined with such higher protein foods as dal, beans, peas, nuts, milk and eggs. This combination balances the carbohydrates and protein elements. If used with a free allowance of milk and green vegetable or fresh fruits, we have not only a highly nutritive diet, but one which is rich also in its protective and healing properties.

Nuts

Nuts have been used mostly as a dessert by Western people, usually taken after a full meal of other highly protein foods. When thus used, they often cause digestive disturbance, thus giving them an undeserved reputation as being difficult of digestion. Their real merit as a substantial source of sustaining food has been appreciated by but few, except among Asiatic and Eastern peoples.

Nuts in their various forms and preparations present the most concentrated nutriment of all food substances. They are rich in protein, and also contain carbohydrate, fats and mineral salts. So rich are they in protein or albumin content, that one pound of nuts equals two pounds of meat.

The discovery that nuts (like meat, milk and eggs) contain the full quota of amino-acids, making them a rich source of complete proteins, has elevated these foods to first place among rational substitutes for animal food.

The peanut (China badam), the almond (Kabuli badam), and the English walnut are particularly desirable sources of complete protein, when meat is to be discarded from the diet. Four to five ounces of nuts, if this is to be the exclusive source, afforded an abundance of protein for a day's ration ; but half that quantity will suffice to supplement the proteins of an ordinary varied non-flesh diet. If nuts are not used in the daily non-meat diet, then two eggs, or a pint and a half of milk should be added to the regular vegetable, fruit and bread ration. Either of these will insure the required amount of complete proteins.

Nuts in combination with fruits constitute a perfect diet. In California, U.S.A., there are whole colonies of people who live exclusively upon this diet, and have done so for years. They maintain a far higher standard of health than the average. Their children too,—some of them have never tasted any other kind of food—are perfect specimens of health.

It should be mentioned that the chestnut is an exception, in that it is very low in protein and high in carbohydrate content. This nut is not suitable for raw use but requires preliminary preparation by heat. The peanut (China badam) while rich in protein also requires preliminary preparation to make it suitable for eating. This may be done either by boiling, baking or roasting, much the same as in preparing of pulses.—*Wealth and Welfare.*

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Women's Education

The Women's Indian Association accorded a welcome to the Right Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P.C.

The Right Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri said that the problem which faced Indian women in South Africa was of much greater magnitude than that which faced women in India. It was no wonder that in South Africa, Indian women were much behind women in this country, for Indian women there had to earn their living in somewhat adverse circumstances, and lived more or less like women of the lower classes in India. Indian women in South Africa had to face a keen struggle for obtaining the necessities of life. But, in regard to one matter, greater freedom was enjoyed by women in South Africa than enjoyed by Indian women here. That was in the matter of marriage. It was quite easy to talk learnedly upon what the Shastras said about the rules of marriage, but in the conditions in which Indian women worked in South Africa there was bound to be greater freedom in the institution and practice of marriage, than obtained in India.

There was next the question of education and in this connexion he would like to refer to Professor Karve's University for Women. That University purposely established for women and women alone, had for its teachers, women of light and learning. The University undoubtedly appealed to the patriotic feelings of Indians, putting as it did English in the second place and imparting instruction through the medium of the vernaculars. From a theoreticalp oint of view, this was indeed a very good idea to run an Indian Women's University upon. But the fact remained that far more women studied for the regular degree of the Bombay

University, than in Professor Karve's University for Women. Why was this so? It seemed to him that the reason lay in the fact that in the Women's University the idea was to isolate women from men. For such a vital purpose as education and preparation for the task of life common to both the sexes, it would not do to start a system of education for women, as though women had different tasks and a totally different mentality. It was his view that the object of women's education was just the same as the object of the education of men. In India of to-day, women must be participants for weal or woe in the general life all round. Indian women could not afford or remain isolated, and this being so, women in India must be allowed to develop as women elsewhere. Indian women could no longer be kept down. They would assert themselves, and they possessed the vote.

Women's Status in India

Lady Simon, wife of Sir John Simon, M.P., Chairman of the Indian Statutory Commission, has written a striking letter on the position of Indian women, writes a correspondent of the "Sunday Times".

"Though women here have a long way to go before they can enjoy the freedom we have gained in England, I am glad that some pioneers have already succeeded in breaking down a few of the old customs which hamper their liberty and usefulness. These women, who are striving to help their sisters to take their place in public life, have a very hard task, not only on account of condemnation by their old-fashioned relatives; who view with horror the emancipation of their sex in any form, but because of the men, who have yet to learn to treat women with respect when they try to do such work as nursing or teaching in the villages.

"English women, both as doctors and teachers, are doing yeoman work in India, both in towns and in country places. The maternal mortality is pathetic, owing to the ignorance of the dais (midwives), and the youth of the mother who is bearing children when she ought to be playing. Hospitals for women are crowded, chiefly with sufferers from ill-treatment at the hands of the village midwives, and our noble English women doctors and nurses are working at the most terrible disadvantage, due to prejudices, dirty practices, and the incursions of monkeys, who take the food from patients, turn taps on (losing gallons of precious water), and tear sheets and curtains and anything they can lay their hands on to ribbons, and they are never molested because they are sacred.

"There are two million fewer women than men in India. Once woman can take her place and play her part in the public life of such a great country as India, then her true greatness will come before the world. Till then the ignorance and superstition which darkens the country and prevents its development will remain, and no progress will be made. Redemption must come from within, but we can point the way by kind sympathy and understanding and stretching out our hands to join these struggling women in their effort to reach the light of progress."—*The Madras Mail.*

MISS JYOTIRMOYI GANGULI, M.A. is a hereditary social worker. Her father, the late Mr. Dwarka Nath Ganguli, was one of the founders and foremost members of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj and conducted the *Abala-bandhab* magazine, in which he fearlessly advocated the cause of womanhood and also

strenuously preached the creed of Indian nationalism. Her mother, Mrs. Kadambini Ganguli—an equally distinguished personality—was the first graduate Bengali lady to enter the medical profession and had the honour of being one of the first five ladies who attended the Congress as delegates. It was the wish of Miss Ganguli's parents that her life should be dedicated to Social Service, and she is carrying out their desire very faithfully. She is closely connected with the Bengal Social Service League and Saroj Nalini Memorial Association for Women's Work. A thoughtful and eloquent speaker, cultured and learned, she has attained an All-India reputation in public life. She was recently called upon by the Madras Social Service League to preside over the second Madras Provincial Anti-Untouchability Conference, and performed the task so well as to win the love and admiration of the people of Madras.

Miss Jyotirmoyi has thrown herself heart and soul into the cause of female education. Since her graduation, she has been engaged in disseminating culture and knowledge among her own sex. She served as a teacher in the Bethune College, and later in the capacity of Principal in Ravenshaw Girls' College, Cuttack (1915-17), Buddhist Girls' College, Colombo (1917-19), Kanya Mahavidyalaya, Jalandhar (1920-21), and lastly in the Brahmo Girls' School. Since its inception, Miss Ganguli has been the soul of the Vidyasakar Bani-bhawan (a Widows' Home) in Calcutta, and is now working as its Hony. Assistant Secretary and head of the teaching department.

Miss Ganguli has also made a name in other spheres. She is the champion of labour. While at Colombo and Jalandhar, she identified herself with the labour movement. It was principally through her ceaseless efforts that child-labour was abolished in Ceylon. The idea of a Greater Indian cultural union took a practical shape in her mind and, while in Ceylon, she met Dr. Kalidas Nag and, in collaboration with him, founded a school of Indian Art and Music at Colombo.—*The Modern Review.*

MRS. CHANDA BAI is the eldest daughter of Mr. Naraindas, ex-M.L.A. and the daughter-in-law of Mr. Chandra Kumar Jain, a distinguished Zamindar of Arrah. She lost her husband shortly after her marriage. A strong inclination to the pursuit of knowledge was noticed in her very early, and despite the strict *purdah* system prevalent in Bihar she has made great advance in self-education. She possesses a sound knowledge of Sanskrit and has gained proficiency in Jaina philosophy. To promote the education of her sex, this learned lady has produced a number of Hindi books, of which the following deserve to be mentioned: *Upadesha-ratnamala, Saubhagya-ratnamala, Nibhandha-ratnamala, Mahilaonka-chakaravartitwa.* Chanda Bai has been editing *Jaina Mahiladarsha,* a monthly magazine, for the last seven years with conspicuous ability.

Born and brought up in affluence though she was, Chanda Bai leads a very simple and unostentatious life. The noblest monument, erected by her at Dharampur, near Arrah, at a great cost, is the "Sri Jaina-bala—Vishrama," where Jaina women, young and old, are taught. Chanda Bai herself shares in the work of teaching and delivers, from time to time, useful and instructive lectures to the students.—*The Modern Review.*

Women's Franchise Union of Ceylon

At a meeting of the Committee of the Women's Franchise Union of Ceylon held recently at Colombo, a programme of work for the year was discussed. They decided that it was necessary to enlarge its activities in the vernaculars. It was further resolved that the Union should enquire into the conditions under which women work and that it should begin its work by turning its attention to the women workers in the shops and offices in Colombo Fort. A Sub-Committee for enquiries was appointed.

The Union resolved to apply for affiliation to the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, which already includes Associations of 32 countries, as the Union fulfils all the conditions of membership.

The Secretaries were directed to send the following resolution to the Director of Education, each member of the Board of Education, and the Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council:—

"That the teaching of personal and public hygiene should be compulsory in all schools in Ceylon from the lowest forms."

A Sub-Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the publication of a Woman's Magazine in English and the vernaculars.

The distribution of the Sinhalese and Tamil translations of the pamphlet "Women and the Vote" was then discussed. Various members undertook to dispose of these to the Vernacular school both in Colombo and outside, to the Maha Jana Sabhas, through the Labour Union, to the Basket Women's Association, etc., to the Social Service League and to other societies agreed upon in the Committee.—*Stri-Dharma.*

Women in Industry

Democracy of to-day, it is often said, has brought into being a fourth estate. There is a fifth nowadays pressing forward from behind; and it is the women's turn now. In politics, in business, in industry, the influx of women is daily increasing in volume. One of the latest *Bulletins of the United States Department of Labour* discusses this extension of women's activities.

If the men and women of 30 or 40 years ago, who were conscientiously trying to stop the on-rushing of women's activities could study for a moment the figures which illustrate the trend of their employment in New York State they would die of apoplexy. Here we find women by the hundreds of thousands engaged in practically every trade and occupation; working as longshoremen, as stevedores, as chauffeurs, as plumbers, as electricians, as plasterers, teamsters, and even as undertakers Those Victorians would be equally disturbed at the number of women who are now engaged in practising law, or who have become lumbermen and fishermen. The whole trend of the employment of women is toward wider activity and a greater variety of interest.

The evolution of industry has led to the increased demand for women's labour. What to-day needs physical strength and long apprenticeship may be to-morrow within the capacity of a 16 year-old girl. New machinery is directly favourable to the employment of women, and in the last 25 years the employment of women in New York State has practically trebled. To-day in this State alone we have over 1,000,000 women who are working for wages. In the past, women have been

chiefly employed as unskilled or semi-skilled operators. In addition to the large number still employed in this capacity, now we find them in thousands doing skilled work in furniture, in steel and iron, in clay and stone and glass. While we have long been accustomed to women in the field of literature, music and art, it is rather surprising to learn that there are in New York some 3,000 artists, 1,000 editors and reporters, 1,000 physicians, and 100 clergymen; that the number of women lawyers in 1920 was twice that in 1910; that finance, long considered a non-feminine sphere, claims 400 women as bankers, 950 as real estate agents, not to mention the large number of architects, chemists, electrical engineers, and designers. The fact is that the woman of to-day, who has school or college degrees, does not, as the women of 40 and 50 years ago or even 25 years ago, wish to settle down to a life of dependence and leisure, but rather wishes to make her contribution toward the economic life of the country and to broaden her interest through the rubbing of shoulders with people in the professions and trades.

The development of the employment of women is not due wholly to the desire of women themselves to enter trades and professions, but is due also to the fact that industry and the professions are very much interested in having women accessible for work.

The fact is that the woman of to-day goes to work either because of economic pressure or because work interests her. Her income may not be necessary to meet the everyday needs of her family life, yet she feels that their standard of living and of life can be raised by her contribution to the family income. This is true of women in all classes.—*The Modern Review.*

Women in Politics

As a result of the recent enfranchisement of women under twenty-five, women voters will now outnumber men voters in England. This does not, of course, imply that the reign of men in politics is over, though democratic logic requires that it should be so. Women voters have not yet produced an adequate number of women political leaders. There are symptoms, however, all the world over that women are taking greater interest in political life than they used to. In America, for example, says the *Literary Digest*, the fact "that 145 women now sit in legislatures in thirty-eight States of the Union—an increase of nineteen women members over last year—according to returns compiled by the National League of Women Voters, is considered significant news by the press, although not so surprising in view of the tremendous increase in the women's vote for President, and the election of seven women to Congress instead of four." The increase "shows that recognition of the feminine electorate in the choice of legislators is permanent, and the proportion may be looked on to show a steady, if moderate increase," typically comments the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, noting that "pertinent in this connection is the fact that sixty-eight of the number elected had served previously and four were chosen for the fourth time."—*The Modern Review.*

Woman's Power in Russia

A remarkable increase of woman's power in Russia is revealed in latest statistics. In the last three years the number of women serving as presidents of local soviets has increased from 174 to 641, while the number of women voters in peasant districts has increased in the past six years from 46 per 1,000 voters, to 299 per 1,000.

Women are now to be found in the army, navy, police, high official offices, co-operative organisations and trade unions.

The percentage of women among the members of the Provincial Court, the people's judges, substitute judges, etc., amounted to 6.3 per cent in 1926, to 11.4 per cent in 1927, and to 12.6 per cent in 1928. The figures show that the number of women judges has doubled in the course of the last three years. A similar increase is shown by the number of women workers who are at the head of the various departments. The clerical staff of the Provincial Courts includes over 50 per cent women.

Among the women, who are active as judges, thirteen have risen to these positions from industrial establishments, while four of them have come over from other Government institutions.—*Stri-Dharma.*

Turkish Women Improve Economic Status

The number of Turkish young women making themselves financially independent is increasing with tremendous rapidity, and the majority of them are no longer content to serve as cashiers, typists and secretaries, says a dispatch from Constantinople to the *Christian Science Monitor.* Those who have graduated at the Faculty of Law are, for the most part, employed as recorders at the Palace of Justice.

Turkish women, who have completed a term as recorders in the Palace of Justice, are demanding their admission as barristers. Beyhan Hanem is already practising, and three other young women are likely to be called shortly.—*Equa Rights.—Stri-Dharma.*

Regulating Marriage Expenses In China

The Department of Civil Affairs of the Kwangsi Provincial Government has promulgated a set of regulations to govern wedding ceremonies and observances, economy being the guiding theme. It declares that the people have cultivated the bad habit of great extravagance, when celebrating marriages, and this pernicious habit is practised not by any one particular class, but by all sections of the people, rich and poor alike. Extravagance goes to such extremes that frequently people have to borrow in order to find the wherewithal to stage the frills attendant on the ceremonies. This practice of spending on a lavish scale has now become a custom, and consequently many of the poor experience great difficulty in negotiating marriages, as they are unable to raise the necessary funds to provide for the accepted usages. Such an expensive habit, although now reverenced as custom, has nothing to its credit, and is to be strongly condemned and corrected with the least possible delay. The Department of Civil Affairs has

drawn up three regulations for this purpose, and the Bureau of the Public Safety has been instructed to see that these regulations are enforced. The regulations are as follows :—

1. The pecuniary presents given when the betrothal is consummated are not to exceed the sum of one hundred dollars. In case the parties to the betrothal are in poor circumstances, the presents may be reduced to such a level as is convenient to the giver, and in such cases the prospective bride's family are strictly prohibited from considering such presents inadequate, or cancelling the engagement. Due punishment will be meted out, should the bride's people infringe this rule and upset the betrothal.

2. Presents in the nature of edible articles must not exceed the sum of fifty dollars in value.

3. For the entertainment of guests and friends, tea parties may be given. When circumstances make it necessary to entertain the match-makers, or prospective new relatives, banquets may be given, but the expense is not to exceed ten dollars for each banquet.—*Pacific Affairs*, Honolulu.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

School Girls and Boys as Road Builders in China

One of the most isolated and backward provinces of China is Kweichow. One of its greatest needs is good roads. The Governor of this province is apparently a man of ingenuity and resourcefulness, for he conceived the original idea of getting school girls and boys to build a road. Mr. O. J. Todd, Chief Engineer of the China International Famine Relief Commission, tells in the magazine, *Asia*, how he saw one group of girls put to work. A thousand school girls had been marched to the headquarters of the Road Bureau just outside the city. They came from aristocratic families, from middle-class and poorer familes. The Governor, mounting a small platform, gave a patriotic address. He told the girls that their province was isolated from the rest of the world, but that they had the capacity to help overcome the natural obstacles to outside communication; road-building was for them the way to freedom. Then, taking his place on an embankment that was to be torn down, the Governor gave directions, and the girls with their teachers began the work with hoe and trowel. After a week, the boys took their turn, and so it continued, turn and turn about. A year later, when Mr. Todd returned to that part of China, he was amazed to find that the school boys and girls with the help of soldiers had completed a good motor road, the first of its kind there. What this meant to the province can be imagined, when we learn that until the Governor began this road-building programme, there were no carts in Kweichow, and everything had to be carried by men or animals, because there was not even a decent cart-road.

The energetic young Governor of Kweichow had a special motive in starting this work among the students. He realized that the upper classes of Chinese society disdained manual labour, and he held that such an attitude unfitted them for leadership. His programme, regarded as a part of nation-building, gave the student class an enthusiasm for hard work that was a new thing in China. Their example spread to others, and made it possible, when this one road had been built as an object lesson, to get other roads built by

the populace. The Governor was able to levy a sort of tax on all the able-bodied inhabitants of the province, by requiring each one to build a certain section of new road before the season of rice-planting. It is not too much to say that this project will have a profound influence upon the whole of China.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

A Women's Hotel

(BY I. S.)

The Norwegian National Council of Women, who have done so much useful work both in their own country and abroad, are now embarking upon an altogether novel enterprise. They are opening a special hotel for women in Oslo! The hotel, beautifully situated, faces the tall trees of the Royal Castle Park.

The energetic President of the Council who started the scheme has, happily, found ample support, financial as well as moral, among her countrywomen of influence and position, and the hotel will serve as yet another means of bringing women more closely together.

Apart from a fairly large number of guest rooms, the hotel has its own clubrooms, and its halls for public lectures and meeting. Women guests and residents will have chances to enlarge their literary and artistic horizons by means of a well equipped library and systematically arranged lectures. Women-travellers to Norway will be able to book rooms there and enjoy all the advantages which are shared by the residents. Since the organiser's idea aims at bringing together women of varying financial positions, the rates are moderate and are scaled in such a way as to suit the majority.

The entire management of the hotel is entrusted to women. And when one remembers the extremely well-run and artistically furnished Norwegian homes, one cannot but be sure that the new hotel will leave nothing to be desired in the way of cosiness and comfort.

The feminine societies of Norway hoped that their new enterprise will be a success. It surely deserves to be, since the end they have in view is the comradeship of women throughout the country, and beyond it!

—*The Madras Mail.*

Moonlight Dancing in Dalmatia

(BY V. O. SOUTHEE)

"There is a full moon to-night, and there are two girls in the village who will be married to-morrow. They have asked their friend to dance in the moonlight. Would you care to see it? No men are allowed; it is a girls' party."

Dalmatian dancing is exquisite, and the grey, bare plains of Dalmatia look like an enchanted kingdom under the moonlight. We kept vigil that night, until, shortly before eleven o'clock, the inn-keeper's wife came for us and we went through the sleepy village street, and on into the very heart of the grey, grim rocks.

"You had better keep in the shadows," said the woman, "The girls are shy. They would not dance their best, if they knew strangers were watching."

There was a curious flat opening in between two zig-zagging rocky ridges, where we found a jutting boulder which provided an excellent seat. Safe in the shadows, we could see the pearl and silver scene, with mountains above, their summits now stealing into shadows, now coming to sight under the silver moonlight.

Then music came, soft ripples of girlish laughter, and quick patter of sandalled feet. Red, blue and green scarves and aprons mingled with the moonlight, and life, colour, and movement swept into the hitherto quiet and sombre opening.

The music continued, insistent, haunting, penetrating; dancing music, the very sound of which made our own feet ache for the joy of a dance. But we kept quite still and watched.

Like a magic tale, the scene unfolded itself before us. Tall, lissom figures, their arms holding richly coloured scarves, swirled into the silver moonlight. It must have been one of the national dances. It had peculiar qualities of rhythm. Those girls were not merely dancing with their feet; their bodies and their very hearts were thrown into the dance, and each movement carried its own meaning.

And the moon looked on. Its silver light seemed to blend itself with that curiously arrogant, graceful dancing. Then the music stopped, the inn-keeper's wife emerged from the shadows and piloted us back to the hostel. We went, knowing we would never forget!—*The Madras Mail.*

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